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HYMNS

FOR

HEART AND VOICE

TOGETHER WITH

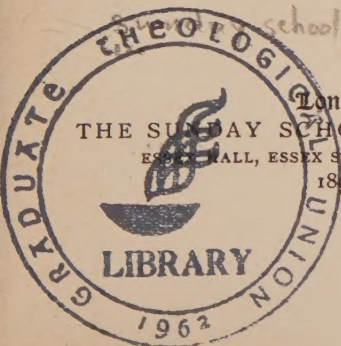
OPENING AND CLOSING SERVICES

AND

SONGS AND HYMNS FOR BANDS OF HOPE

[*Charlotte Farrington, ed.*]

SECOND EDITION



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'The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
Is when the soul unto the line accords.'



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PREFACE.

SINGING is the part of worship which children find most easy, natural and delightful.

To bring together, therefore, for their use, the hymns which best fit their religious feeling, or will aid its further development, is so desirable an object, that it is no wonder we attempt it again and again, and are never quite content with what we have done.

Two things we try to do. We need from time to time to re-adjust our hymns to the changes which are passing over our religious feelings themselves, to their altered relations, emphasis, temper. And we also want to appropriate more and more of those new songs which Trust and Hope are always singing, and in which our own time is so rich.

To go a little further in these directions has been the aim of this book. To have at all succeeded in doing so, will be its best reward.

The editor gratefully acknowledges the help derived from previous collections, especially from the Sunday School Hymn Book, the Smaller Hymn Book, and Hymns and Choral Songs.

The best thanks of the committee and editor are given to the following authors and owners of copyright, who have kindly given permission to use their hymns:—

Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Armitage, Hugh Atkins, Esq., Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Sir N. Barnaby, George Bell & Son (for hymn by Miss Proctor), Rev. A. N. Blatchford, Rev. A. G. W. Blunt, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, F. W. Bockett, Esq., Mrs. Bullock (for hymns by Dean Alford), Rev. T. W. Chignell, Mrs. Ellerton (for hymns by Canon Ellerton), Canon Furse (for hymn by Rev. J. W. B. Monsell), Miss Gittins, Sir George Grove (for hymn by Dean Stanley), Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., Mr. Havergal (for hymns by Miss Frances R. Havergal), Rev. H. W. Hawkes, Rev. H. E. Haycock, J. T. Hayes, Esq. (for hymns by Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.), Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., Mrs. E. Paxton Hood (for hymns by Rev. E. Paxton Hood), Rev. John Page Hopps, E. P. Lamport, Esq. (for hymns by Rev. Wm. Lamport), E. M. Lynch, Esq. (for hymns by Rev. T. T. Lynch), Macmillan & Co. (for hymn by Lord Tennyson), Albert Midlane,

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There still remain some hymns of untraced authorship; and some, whose authors are indeed known, but attempts to communicate with them, or with their representatives, have been unsuccessful. The editor deeply regrets this, but trusts that no copyright has been infringed, and that the ready consent to the use of their hymns, given by so many authors, would have been extended by these also, had it been possible to ask it.

Special thanks are due to the Rev. A. W. Oxford, M.A., for the first four services, and to the Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A., for the fifth and part of the sixth service. Also for their kind consent to some slight transpositions and rearrangement of sentences.

Lastly, the editor wishes to thank the schools themselves for much valuable assistance, given through their careful replies to the circular addressed to them by the Sunday School

Association, with regard to this Hymn Book. The lines on which it is enlarged are mainly those indicated by them; and the strongest desire with which it is offered to them is that it may meet their wants.

CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON.

Richmond,
September, 1894.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.—The change of title in the present edition of this book, from 'Hymns for Children' to 'Hymns for Heart and Voice,' is made in recognition of the fact that so many of those who use it in our schools are no longer children, and it seemed desirable, for this reason, to drop the limitation in its title.

The last verse of hymn 148 has been restored, as written by the author. Hymn 362 ends with the third verse, as written by the author. The other changes have been restricted to the correction of inaccuracies.

C. F.

May 7, 1897.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
A BAND of maiden pilgrims	289
A gladsome hymn of praise we sing	370
A little child may know	31
A little kingdom I possess	87
A thought is but a little thing	73
A thousand years have come and gone	153
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	55
Above the clear blue sky	10
All are architects of fate	282
All glory be to God, from whom all good proceeds	260
All good night ! all good night	363
All men have sought to find Thee, Lord	120
All that's good, and great, and true	40
All things bright and beautiful	237
And shall we dwell together	141
Angels holy	372
Another year is dawning	223
Another year is given	225
Another year of setting suns	224
Are we sowing seeds of kindness	298
Art thou weary, art thou languid	176
As his flock the shepherd leads	47
As I kept watch beside my sheep	152
Awake my soul ! and with the sun	180
Away with all thought that is selfish and cold	81

	HYMN
Backward looking o'er the past	222
Be not swift to take offence	295
Be present at our table, Lord	219
Be the matter what it may	322
Beautiful faces are those that wear.....	288
Begin at once, in the pleasant days	345
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee	9
Brightly beams our Father's mercy	325
Brightly gleams our banner.....	305
Bright the path of life before me.....	373
Brothers, let us to the Lord	337
By cool Siloam's shady rill	117
 Can a little child like me	 366
Cheerfully, cheerfully, let us all live	293
Children be bright and beautiful	160
Children of the heavenly King.....	113
Christians awake ! salute the happy morn	150
City of God ! how broad and fair	139
Come, children, bring your offerings	247
Come, children, let us go	364
Come, children, lift your voices	275
Come forth and bring your garlands	240
Come forth, O Christian brothers	232
Come friends, the world wants mending	321
Come join the noble army	328
Come kingdom of our God	315
Come, raise aloft our banner	343
Come, sing with holy gladness	252
Come, ye thankful people, come	273
Comrades for a little space	233
Courage brother ! do not stumble	332
 Dare to do right, dare to be true.....	 335
Dare to speak the truth, boys	323

	HYMN
Day and night the blessings fall	36
Day by day we magnify Thee	3
Daylight from the sky has faded	193
Dig channels for the streams of love	80
Dismiss me not thy service, Lord	28
Doth God for oxen care ? O blind	317
Earth with its glories bright	140
Every morning the red sun	144
Father, again to thy dear name we raise	215
Father, dearest Father	187
Father, from thy throne on high	59
Father, God in heaven	214
Father, hear the prayer we offer	44
Father, holy Guardian	32
Father, I know that all my life	53
Father in heaven, we ask Thee	340
Father, lead me day by day	30
Father, let thy benediction	16
Father, now our prayer is said	216
Father, now to Thee we raise	226
Father, teach me day by day	19
Father, thy dear name we own	60
Father, we are young and weak	354
Father, we love to meet	374
Feeble, helpless, how shall I	170
For all thy saints, O Lord.....	146
Forward, be our watchword	133
Forward, children, forward	307
Frail and youthful as we are	283
From heaven above, to earth I come	151
From meadows bright with blossom	239
From year to year in love we meet.....	231

HYMN

Gird your loins about with truth.....	336
Give me a draught from the crystal spring	333
Glad thanksgiving to the Lord	271
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	188
Go forth to life, O child of earth	99
God bless our native land.....	362
God comes with succour speedy	49
God does not judge as we must do.....	66
God entrusts to all.....	67
God help our loving Band	318
God holds the key of all unknown	52
God is in heaven, can He hear	65
God is love; His mercy brightens	50
God leads us on by paths we did not know	57
God make my life a little light.....	68
God moves in a mysterious way	46
God of beauty, Thou hast spread	238
God of Jesus, hear me now	41
God of mercy, loving all	63
God our Father, from above.....	339
God sets a still small voice	64
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world	100
God who hath made the daisies	205
Gracious Power, the world pervading	209
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	20
Great God! and wilt Thou condescend.....	35
Great God, for this glad new year's morn	229
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	375
Hark, the lilies whisper	248
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry	110
Hast thou aught of good received	79
Have you heard the golden city	137
He hides within the lily	246
He is gone -beyond the skies.....	167

	HYMN
He leadeth me ! O blessed thought	376
He liveth long, who liveth well	106
He prayeth well, who loveth well	299
He saw the wheat fields waving.....	316
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower	111
Hear us, heavenly Father.....	22
Hear us, our Father ! we know Thou wilt hear us	384
Hearts of love, with hands of mercy	311
Heavenly Father, from thy throne	61
Heavenly Father, I would serve Thee	294
Heavenward lift your banners.....	132
Heir of all the ages I.....	130
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	243
Holy Father, life is fair.....	14
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	12
Holy is the seed time, when the buried grain	274
Holy saints and angels ever.....	4
Holy Spirit, hear us	207
How happy is he born or taught.....	319
Hushed was the evening hymn	385
I asked the little joyous bird	368
I hear a sweet voice ringing clear	129
I hear them sing of heaven	125
I heard the robin singing	245
I know who makes the daisies	249
I little see, I little know	127
I live for those who love me	304
I love to tell the story	161
I read of many mansions	89
I think when I read that sweet story of old	158
I would follow Jesus.....	168
If anything seems hard to do	284
If we only sought to brighten	351
If you cannot on the ocean	355

	HYMN
If you have a pleasant thought	91
In days of old, when giants roamed	347
In days of old, when valiant knights	342
In olden time men worshipped	37
In the dark and silent night	189
In the furrows of thy life	78
In the morning I will raise	183
In vain the name of Christ we bear	178
It came upon the midnight clear	155
It fell upon a summer's day	164
Jesus by thy simple beauty	175
Jesus resting on the mountain.....	165
Kind words can never die	352
Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom	56
Lead us, Heavenly Father	15
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	17
Leaf by leaf the roses fall.....	265
Lend a hand ! lend a hand	348
Let children never fear	142
Let no tears to-day be shed	145
Let the whole creation cry	8
Let us be tender, and trusty, and true	292
Let us sing the praise of Love.....	290
Let us sing with one accord.....	11
Let us with a gladsome mind	13
Let us with a wind-like song	2
Life is not a fleeting shadow	349
Life is onward - use it	98
Life is real, life is earnest.....	97
Lift up your heads, rejoice	253
Little beam of rosy light	369
Little by little the time goes by	75

HYMN

Little drops of water	69
Little modest violet blue	244
Long, long ago, in manger low	154
Long shall sweet remembrance tell	163
Looking unto Jesus	172
Looking upward every day	116
Lord, give me light to do thy work.....	107
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	377
Lord, I on every day	26
Lord of life, for ever nigh	62
Lord of our life, whose love from year to year	234
Lord of the silent winter	279
Lord, thy children guide and keep	42
Lord, to Thee I lift mine eyes	198
Lord, we thank thee for the pleasure.....	48
Lord, what offering shall we bring	306
Love and kindness we may measure	82
Make use of me, my God	27
Many things in life there are	121
Many voices seem to say	86
March, my little children	34
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true.....	329
My Father, hear my prayer	191
My God, my Father, while I stray	58
My Lord a land is ruling	128
My spirit longs for Thee	25
Nearer, my God, to Thee	378
Never would I commence a task.....	104
Not with the flashing steel	286
Now gird your patient loins again	149
Now host with host assembling	334
Now let grateful praises ring	287
Now on sea and land descending	210

	HYMN
Now pray we for our country	136
Now sing we a song for the harvest	270
Now the day is over	190
Now the sowing and the weeping	108
Now to heaven our cry ascending	357
Now to Him who knoweth best	211
Now to our loving Father, God	204
• O beautiful my country.....	361
• O blessed truth that Christ above	162
• O brother, life's journey beginning.....	330
• O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother	83
• O day of holy gladness	118
• O'er the wide and restless ocean.....	77
• O Everlasting Light	24
• O God most holy, merciful and mighty	18
• O God of ages, by whose hand	54
• O God, we stand beneath thy sky	43
• O God, who when the night was deep	186
• O happy band of pilgrims.....	171
• O happy Christian children	70
• O lead me, my Father, lead Thou, lest I stray	379
• O Life that makest all things new	230
• O little birds, that all day long	33
• O Lord thou art not fickle	269
• O Lord ! thy heavenly grace impart	380
• O morning so bright	181
• O Thou, by whose creative power	308
• O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men	174
• O Thou not made with hands	138
• O Thou to whom our voices rise.....	386
• O Thou who hast thy servants taught	38
• O worship the King	1
• Oh, bless us, heavenly Father.....	200
• Oh, how skilful grows the hand	285

	HYMN
Oh, the beautiful old story	157
Oh, the Father's hands are helping.....	346
Oh, what a world this might be	300
Oh, what can little hands do	88
On our way rejoicing, as we homeward move	134
On weary hearts descending	197
Once in royal David's city	156
One by one the sands are flowing	76
One Lord there is, all lords above	126
One thought I have, my ample creed	122
Onward, Christian soldiers	135
Our fathers' faith, we sing of thee	124
Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord.....	177
Our God, our help in ages past	221
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.....	218
Praise to God, and thanksgiving.....	272
Pray, children, pray !.....	199
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	119
Purer yet and purer	71
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	280
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	227
Ring the bells of mercy.....	309
Rouse up to work that waits for us	320
Saviour and Master	179
Scorn not the slightest word or deed	356
See the shining dew-drops	250
Shine Thou upon us, Lord	208
Sing, let us sing with a right goodwill	281
Slowly, by God's hand unfurled	196
Softly, softly, little children.....	302
Softly the glad sunlight	185
Softly the silent night	195

	HYMN
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness	310
Sowing the seed by the dawn-light fair.....	258
Speak Thou to me, O Lord	206
Spirit of Truth, who makest bright.....	23
Springtime has come again	255
Stay, stay at home my heart, and rest	365
Summer suns are glowing	264
Sunlight of the heavenly day	228
Sun of my soul, Thou Father dear	192
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright	241
Sweet flowers are blooming in God's sight	263
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.....	381
Sweet is the pleasure	114
Take my life, and let it be	39
Teach me, my God and King	29
Tender mercies on my way	115
The brooks, that brim with showers	338
The children are gathering, from near and from far	326
The darkness now is over	182
The day is past and over	194
The days are gliding swiftly by	262
The dew of youth still glistening.....	202
The fields are all white.....	90
The happy homes of England	360
The heavens are blue above us	261
The hours of day are over	213
The King of love my Shepherd is	382
The light of truth is breaking	358
The light pours down from heaven.....	184
The Lord be with us as we bend	212
The Lord is rich and merciful	7
The rose is queen among the flowers.....	242
The sacred cross of Jesus.....	173
The sere leaf flickers down	267

	HYMN
The soldier keeps his faithful watch	327
The still small voice that speaks within.....	367
The sweet bright days are come again	259
The wise may bring their learning.....	92
The world looks very beautiful	159
The year is swiftly waning	266
There are lonely hearts to cherish	303
There is a book, who runs may read	236
There is a voice of singing birds.....	94
There is beauty all around	297
There is no service unto God	72
There is work on earth for me.....	296
There lives a voice within me.....	93
There's a Friend for little children.. ..	143
There's a Hope that is fairer than day.....	350
There's a strife we all must wage	95
There's a wideness in God's mercy	51
There's life abroad from each green tree.....	254
There's never a day so sunny	84
Thirsting for a living spring.....	21
Thou art with me, O my Father	371
Thou Father of our spirits	5
Thou who art enthroned above	6
Though I faint with toil and care	353
Though lowly here our lot may be	96
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.....	112
'Tis winter now; the fallen snow	277
To Thee our thankful songs we sing	383
To Thee the Lord Almighty.....	217
True worth is in being, not seeming	331
Turn, turn the hasty foot aside	301
Under the dark November sky.....	276
Waken, Christian children	147

	HYMN
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know	109
We are but little children weak	169
We are marching onward	344
We are sailing o'er an ocean	291
We believe in Human Kindness.....	123
We come in childish innocence	203
We come, O God, with gladness.....	201
We plough the fields, and scatter	268
We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food.....	220
We've hands that are willing, and hearts that are true	314
Welcome, welcome is the greeting.....	312
What is this that stirs within	85
What means this glory round our feet	148
When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil	257
When the Lord of love was here	166
Where is thy God? my soul	45
Whichever way the wind doth blow	341
Whither are you going.....	131
Who calls thy glorious service hard	101
Who is on the Lord's side	359
Winter reigneth o'er the land	278
Winter's days of gloom are past	256
With banner and with song.....	313
With happy voices ringing	235
With songs and honours sounding loud.....	251
Words are things of little cost.....	74
Work, for the night is coming... ..	102
Work in faith! though doubt and sorrow	103
Work is sweet, for God has blest	105
You're starting, my boy, on life's journey	324

MUSICAL INDEX.

NOTE.—Unless otherwise stated, the numbers of the Tunes refer to the Essex Hall Tune Book (2/6). The Roman figures I. or II., after the Nos., indicate Part I. of the Tune Book (Tunes with words) or Part II. (Tunes without words). An asterisk * means that there is no suitable tune easily available, though it is hoped the Committee of the Sunday School Association may be able to publish a Supplement at an early date containing music for these hymns. It need hardly be said that for ordinary metres, tunes other than those marked may be used.

ABBREVIATIONS.—A. & M. = Hymns Ancient and Modern ; Br. = Bristol Tune Book ; H. B. H. = Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope (Band of Hope Union) ; H. & C. S. = Hymns and Choral Songs (Manchester District S. S. Association) ; S. & S. = Sacred Songs and Solos.

SERVICES.

I. Music for the Response, *Lord have mercy*, etc. will be found in the Festival Service of Song (S.S.A.) p. 4. II. Response, *Write these words*, etc., same service, p. 5. III. Music for the Psalm will be found in the Chants at end of Essex Hall Tune Book. IV. For the Hymn, see Tune 5, II. Music for second Hymn, Tune 66, II.

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.
1	28 I.	35	25 II.
2	51 II.	36	*
3	64 II.	37	39 II.
4	66 II.	38	3 II.
5	40 II.	39	43 II.
6	6 I.	40	45 II.
7	58 II.	41	46 II.
8	A. & M. 147	42	49 II.
9	26 II.	43	A. & M. 365
10	A. & M. 336	44	65 II.
11	41 II.	45	17 II.
12	Br. 897	46	2 II.
13	41 II.	47	43 II.
14	45 II.	48	66 II.
15	24 I.	49	36 II.
16	71 II.	50	65 II.
17	83 II.	51	66 II.
18	Br. 663	52	*
19	44 II.	53	55 II.
20	48 II.	54	3 II.
21	42 II.	55	83 II.
22	H. & C. S. No. 2 p. 16	56	75 I.
23	29 II.	57	101 I.
24	21 II.	58	85 I.
25	Br. 444	59	67 I.
26	16 II.	60	67 I.
27	17 II.	61	67 I.
28	55 or 57 II.	62	67 I.
29	16 II.	63	67 I.
30	43 II.	64	Br. 444
31	21 II.	65	6 II.
32	63 I.	66	14 II.
33	55 II.	67	3 I.
34	11 I.	68	6 II.

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.
69	63 I.	103	63 II.
70	39 II.	104	28 II.
71	78 I.	105	49 II.
72	13 II.	106	24 II.
73	10 II.	107	59 II.
74	57 II.	108	65 II.
75	H.&C.S.No.2 p.19	109	2 II.
76	66 II.	110	Br. Suppmt. 727
77	30 I.	111	82 II.
78	H.&C.S.No.4 p.41	112	67 II.
79	S. & S. 139	113	44 II.
80	9 II.	114	*
81	S. & S. 123	115	45 II.
82	65 II.	116	44 II.
83	Br. 633.	117	5 II.
84	*	118	36 II.
85	45 II.	119	6 II.
86	45 II.	120	7 II.
87	59 II.	121	42 II.
88	Festival Serv. p.6	122	10 II.
89	39 II.	123	77 II.
90	Br. Suppmt. 724	124	10 I.
91	47 I.	125	40 II.
92	37 II.	126	26 II.
93	36 .	127	14 II.
94	58 II.	128	40 II.
95	44 II.	129	46 I.
96	5 II.	130	42 II.
97	66 II.	131	71 I. (repeat 1st 4 lines of music).
98	78 I.		Do.
99	27 II.	132	
100	10 II.	133	71 I.
101	30 II.	134	Do. or 11 I.
102	S. & S. 102	135	11 I.

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.
136	36 II. or Special Music, Br. 779	169	25 II.
137	76 II.	170	45 II.
138	Br. 446.	171	Br. 47 ¹
139	1 II.	172	71 I.
140	77 I.	173	39 II.
141	36 II.	174	83 II.
142	22 II.	175	67 II.
143	40 II.	176	Br. 729
144	Br. 469	177	13 II.
145	48 II.	178	32 II.
146	17 II.	179	*
147	78 I.	180	Br. 84
148	28 II.	181	28 I.
149	59 II.	182	36 II.
150	Br. 250	183	42 II.
151	28 II.	184	45 I.
152	81 or 82 II.	185	77 I.
153	59 II.	186	25 II.
154	15 II.	187	71 I.
155	5 I.	188	Br. 99
156	73 II.	189	Br. 787
157	76 II.	190	100 I.
158	2 I.	191	Br. 444
159	40 II.	192	29 II.
160	*	193	H.&C.SNo.9p.102
161	A. & M. 330	194	93 I.
162	2 II.	195	77 I.
163	49 II.	196	46 II.
164	Br. 229	197	39 II.
165	*	198	43 II.
166	Br. 784	199	Br. 225
167	54 II.	200	36 II.
168	SS. Helpr. Dec. '94	201	62 I.
		202	37 II.

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.
203	9 II.	236	10 II.
204	58 II.	237	94 I.
205	39 II.	238	49 II.
206	Br. 44	239	38 II. with Slurs
207	63 I.	240	40 II.
208	Br. 136	241	3 II.
209	*	242	59 II. or Flower Service, p. 199
210	78 II.	243	59 II. or do. 193
211	49 II.	244	51 II.
212	5 II.	245	40 II.
213	37 II.	246	39 II.
214	63 I.	247	40 II.
215	83 II.	248*	73 I.
216	43 II.	249	40 II.
217	40 II.	250	81 I.
218	31 II.	251	15 II.
219	31 II.	252	37 II.
220	31 II.	253	*
221	8 II.	254	58 II.
222	42 II.	255	76 I.
223	36 II.	256	42 II.
224	5 II.	257	12 I.
225	37 II.	258	S. & S. 42
226	51 II.	259	60 II.
227	20 II.	260	12 I.
228	44 II.	261	H. & C. S. No. 9 p. 98
229	26 II.	262	37 I.
230	26 II. or Flower Service, p. 188	263	9 II.
231	26 II.	264	88 I.
232	40 II.	265	54 II. (repeat 1st 4 lines)
233	44 II.	266	36 II.
234	Harv. Serv. p. 227	267	61 II.
235	40 II.		

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE
268	16 I.	299	57 II.
269	36 II.	300	36 I.
270	*	301	10 II.
271	*	302	67 II.
272	42 II.	303	S. & S. 323
273	Harv. Serv. p. 208	304	The Carol 51
274	71 I.	305	11 I.
275	H. & C. S. No. 6 p. 64	306	45 II.
276	*	307	11 I.
277	25 II.	308	30 II.
278	46 II.	309	78 I.
279	39 II.	310	S. & S. 274
280	33 II.	311	S. & S. 1
281	*	312	86 I.
282	45 II.	313	98 I.
283	44 II.	314	56 I.
284	14 II.	315	18 II.
285	53 II.	316	40 II. ¹ or
286	Br. 132		Curwen's St. Paul's
287	51 II.		Leaflets, No. 14
288	Fest. Serv. p. 8.	317	27 II.
289	H. & C. S. No. 7	318	Br. 132
	p. 74	319	28 II.
290	50 II.	320	38 I.
291	30 I.	321	See 316
292	26 I.	322	The Carol 118
293	26 I. (No Da Capo)	323	11 I.
294	*	324	The Carol 102
295	H. B. H. 55	325	S. & S. 29
296	S. & S. 55	326	56 I.
297	48 I.	327	Tune 'The Watch
298	*		on the Rhine'

¹ Repeat first four lines of Music for Chorus.

HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.
328	Sunnyside 72	358	*
329	Br. 547	359	II I.
330	S. & S. 403	360	H. & C. S. 1892
331	*		3rd Series, No. 24
332	72 I.	361	39 II.
333	H. & S. 94	362	Br. 132
334	S. & S. 135	363	H. & C. S. No. 2 p. 24
335	29 I.	364	16 II.
336	*	365	*
337	44 II.	366	Flower Serv. p. 195
338	17 II.	367	61 I.
339	43 II.	368	64 I.
340	38 II.	369	22 I.
341	Br. 461 ¹	370	32 I.
342	59 II.	371	90 I.
343	40 II. ²	372	31 I.
344	23 I.	373	65 I.
345	H. & C. S. No. 5 p. 52	374	79 I.
346	39 I.	375	87 I.
347	10 I.	376	14 I.
348	*	377	35 I.
349	66 II.	378	76 I.
350	S. & S. 9	379	7 I.
351	76 II.	380	54 I.
352	58 I.	381	8 I.
353	45 II.	382	83 I.
354	48 II.	383	43 I.
355	75 II.	384	70 I.
356	9 II.	385	44 I.
357	84 I.	386	57 I.

¹ Repeat last four lines of Music for Refrain.² Repeat first four lines of Music for Refrain.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	HYMN
Adams, Sarah Flower (1805-1848)	111, 378
Adler, Felix	137
Agate, Rev. Dendy, B.A.	279, 386
Alcott, Louisa M. (American, 1833-1888).....	87, 157
Alexander, Cecil Frances	144, 156, 169, 237
Alford, Dean Henry, D.D. (1810-1871) ...	38, 133, 273
Allerton, Ella P.	288
Anatolius (8th or 9th cent.) trans. by Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.).....	194
Appleton, F. P. (American)	21
Armitage, Ella S.....	329
Atkins, Hugh	165
Baker, Sir H. W.....	382
Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine, M.A.	128, 135, 190
Barnaby, Sir Nathaniel	327
Barton, Bernard (1784-1849)	109
Bateman, Henry (1802-1872)	66, 73, 284
Beetham-Edwards, Matilda	68
Blackie, John Stuart	372
Blake, Rev. J. Vila (American)...	152
Blatchford, Rev. Ambrose N, B.A....	77, 163, 195, 197; 199, 234, 307, 370
Bliss, Philip (American).....	325
Blunt, Rev. A. G. W.	239, 243
Bockett, F. W.....	287

HYMN

Bonar, Rev. Horatius, D.D. (1808-1889)	24, 27, 106, 107
Bowring, Sir John (1792-1872)	50, 306
Brewer, Ebenezer C.	69
Broadhurst, James	259
Brooke, Rev. Stopford A., M.A.	8, 164, 166
Bulfinch, Rev. S. G., D.D. (American, 1809-1870)	95
Burleigh, William H. (American, 1812-1871)	17
Burns, James D.	385
Butler, Mary	116
Byrom, John, M.A. (1691-1763)	25, 150
Cadman, Rev. W. G.	162
Cary, Alice (American, 1820-1871)	331
Cennick, John (1717-1735)	113, 219
Chadwick, Rev. John W. (American)	124, 222, 224
Chandler, Rev. John, M.A. (1806-1876)	10
Chapin, Edward H., D.D. (American)	334
Chignell, Rev. T. W.	5
Claudius, Matthias (1740-1815), (trans. by Jane M. Campbell)	268
Codner, Elizabeth	377
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1835)	299
Collinson, S.	202
Collyer, Rev. Robert	276
Cooper, George (American)	303
Cowper, William (1731-1800)	46
Crosby, Fanny J.	244, 369, 381
Crossley, J.	255
Daniell, Rev. J. J.	252
Davis, Andrew Jackson (American)	266, 280
Dendy, Sarah	103
Doddridge, Rev. Philip, D.D. (1702-1751)	54
Dorr, Julia C. R. (American)	130
Dwight, John S. (American, 1812-1893)	114

	HYMN
Edmeston, James (1791-1867).....	67
Ellerton, Rev. John (1826-1893)....	3, 206, 208, 212, 213, 215, 232
Elliott, Charlotte (1879-1871).....	58
Evans, Mark.....	187
 Faber, the Very Rev. Frederick William (1815-1863)	 51, 375
Fagan, Fanny	367
Fleet, John G.....	74
Fox, William Johnson (1786-1864)	209
Furness, W. H., D.D. (American) ..	85, 183, 196
 Gannett, Amy M. (American).....	81
Gannett, Rev. William C. (American).....	89, 154, 246, 270, 272
Gaskell, Rev. William, M.A. (1805-1884) ...	96, 217
Gates, E. H. (American).....	355
Gilbert, Ann	65
Gill, Thomas Hornblower	23
Gilmore, J. H.	376
Gisborne, Rev. Thomas, M.A. (b. 1760)	301
Gittins, Edith	4, 271
Goadby, Rev. Thomas	289
Godwin, Eliza A. (1817-1889).....	14
Goethe, J. W. von (1749-1832)	71
Grant, Sir Robert (1785-1838)	1
Griswold, H. S. (American)	292
 Hall, Rev. Newman, D.D.	249
Hamerton, Rev. S. C., B.A. (1833-1872).....	147
Harris, Thomas L. (American)	178
Haskell, Rev. W. G., D.D. (American)	37, 350
Hastings, Thos. (American, 1784-1872)	333

HYMN

Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836-1879)	39, 108, 223, 345, 359
Haycock, Rev. H. E.	185
Hawkes, Rev. Henry W. 60, 62, 79, 118, 125, 132, 172, 173, 296	
Headlam, Margaret A.	274
Heaviside, Rev. George, B.A.	120
Heber, Bishop Reginald, D.D. (1783-1826)	12, 117, 257
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (1794-1835)	360
Herbert, Rev. George, M.A. (1593-1632).....	29, 241
Herbert, Leon.....	75
Hernaman, Claudia F.	275
Hickson, W. E. (1835-1873)	357, 362
Hincks, Rev. Thomas, B.A.	356
Hood, Rev. E. Paxton (1820-1885).....	129, 179, 205
Hopps, Rev. John Page	30, 214, 233, 379
Hosmer, Rev. F. L. (American) 121, 122, 127, 242, 361	
How, W. Walsham, D.D., Bishop of Wakefield 42, 264, 266, 278	
Humphreys, Jennett	34
Hutchinson, Abby (American)	352
Herford, Rev. Brooke, D.D.	15
Ingemann, Bernhardt Severin (1789-1862), (trans. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould)	112
James, Rev. P. H.	18
Jewitt, Alfred C.	383
Jex-Blake, Rev. T. W., D.D.	48
Johns, Rev. John (1801-1847)	315
Johnson, Mary (American).....	308, 317
Johnson, Rev. Samuel (American, 1822-1882)	139
Joseph of the Studium (9th cent.), (translated by Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.	171

HYMN

Keble, Rev. John, M.A. (1792-1866)	192, 236
Ken, Bishop Thomas, D.D. (1637-1711)	180, 186
Lampport, Rev. William (1772-1848)	47, 362
Leeson, Jane E.	19, 31, 189
Leland, E. H. (American).....	262, 293, 341
Longfellow, H. W. (American, 1807-1882) 97,	282
	285, 365
Longfellow, Rev. Samuel (American, 1819-1892)	
	99, 100, 210, 230, 277
Lord, Emily B. (American)	309
Lowell, James Russell (American, 1819-1891)	148
Luke, Jemima	158
Lunn, Mrs.	36
Luther, Martin, D.D. (1483-1546)	151
Lynch, Rev. Thomas Toke (1818-1871)...2, 7, 20,	
	26, 28, 45, 104, 153, 181, 253, 267, 269, 337, 338
Lyte, Rev. Henry Francis, M.A. (1793-1847).....	11, 55
Macleod, Rev. Norman, D.D. (1812-1872)	332
Mant, Bishop Richard, D.D. (1776-1848)	146
Mason, Caroline A. (American).....	341
McNaughton, J. H.....	297
Midlane, Albert	143
Milton, John (1608-1674).....	13
Monsell, Rev. John Samuel Bewley, LL.D. (1811-	
1875)	134
Montgomery, James (1771-1854)	49, 119, 231
Mott, Rev. Frederick T.	43
Nash, Mrs.....	313
Neale, Rev. John Mason, D.D.....	171, 176, 194
Newell, Rev. William (American).....	245

HYMN

Newman, Cardinal John Henry (1801-1892).....	56
Noble, James Ashcroft	238
Oakey, Emily Sullivan (American, 1829-1883)	258
Oberlin, Jean F.	380
Ollerenshaw, E. M.	247
Palgrave, Francis Turner, M.A.	138, 186
Palmer, Horatio R. (American)	91
Parker, Theodore (American, 1810-1860)	174
Parker, W. H.	207
Parson, Elizabeth.....	374
Pickering, M. E. (American).....	314
Pollock, Rev. Thomas B., M.A.	59, 63
Potter, Rev. T. J. (1827-1873)	305
Proctor, Adelaide Anne (1825-1864)	76
Rands, W. B. (1826-1882).....	126, 216
Rexford, Eben E. (American)	320
Sandys, George (1577-1643)	6
Saxby, Jane E.	371
Sears, Rev. Edmund H., D.D. (American, 1810-1875) ..	155
Shelley, M. E.	16
Smith, Rev. Walter C., D.D.....	336
Spiller, Gustav.....	283
Stanley, Dean Arthur Penrhyn, D.D. (1815-1881)...	167
Stephen, the Sabaite (8th cent.), (trans. by Rev. J. M. Neale)	176
Stevenson, M. B.....	263
Stowell, Rev. T. A., D.D.	354
Tarrant, Rev. W. G., B.A.	211, 235, 348
Taylor, Ann (Mrs. Gilbert), (1782-1866).....	35, 65

HYMN

Taylor, Emily (1795-1872).....	254
Taylor, Jane (1783-1824).....	82
Taylor, John (1750-1826)	280
Taylor, G. S. American)	335
Tersteegen, Gerard (1627-1769)	364
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892)	227
Thring, Rev. Godfrey, B.A.....	40, 105
Timmins, Rev. Thomas	318
Trench, Archbishop Richard Chenevix (1807-1886)...	80
Troup, E. J.	281
Tuttielt, Rev. Lawrence	70
Wade, I. M.....	229, 260, 342, 343, 347
Waring, Anna L.	53, 115, 228
Warner, Anna (American)	159
Watts, Rev. Isaac, D.D. (1674-1748)	221, 253
Waugh, Rev. Benjamin	72, 160, 168, 294
Wesley, Rev. Charles, M.A. (1708-1788)	41
Whittier, John Greenleaf (1808-1892)	83, 101, 177
Wiglesworth, Esther.....	64
Woodward, M.	63
Wood-White. F. A. E.	311
Wooton, Sir Henry (1568-1639)	319

OPENING AND CLOSING
SERVICES.

I.

THE NEW LIFE.

With Responses.

HYMN.

LET us listen to the commandments of the new life, given by Jesus.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SERVICES

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Be ye merciful, as your Father is merciful.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Grant Lord, that what we have sung with our lips, We may believe in our hearts; And what we believe in our hearts, May we practise in our lives, through thy help. *Amen.*

HYMN.

LESSONS, OR ADDRESS.

HYMN.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven, Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For thine is the

II.—INSTRUCTION.

kingdom, the power and the glory, For ever and ever. *Amen.*

May the God of peace give us peace always.

The Lord be with us all. Amen.

II.

INSTRUCTION.

With Responses.

HYMN.

LET us remember the precepts of righteousness written of old, for our instruction.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and before honour is humility.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

SERVICES

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord ; but they that deal truly are his delight.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Hatred stirreth up strifes ; but love covereth all sins.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

A soft answer turneth away wrath ; but grievous words stir up anger.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.

II.—INSTRUCTION

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast ;
but the tender mercies of the wicked are
cruel.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Whoso keepeth his mouth, and his tongue,
keepeth his soul from troubles.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech Thee.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us ; And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil ; For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, For ever and ever. *Amen.*

HYMN.

LESSONS, OR ADDRESS

HYMN.

O Lord, we thank Thee for letting us come to this service. May the words of our mouths,
And the meditations of our hearts, Be acceptable

SERVICES

in thy sight, O Lord our strength and our redeemer! *Amen.*

May the God of peace give us peace always.
The Lord be with us all. Amen.

III.

THE DIVINE PRAISE.

With Responses.

HYMN.

WHO is the great Name, that our lips may
praise Him?

The great Name is God.

It is He that maketh all things,

*But He Himself is more excellent than all which
He hath made.*

They are beautiful,

But He is beauty.

They are strong,

But He is strength.

They are perfect,

But He is perfection.

III.—THE DIVINE PRAISE

Let us magnify the Lord.

For He is exceedingly great.

Let us bless God.

For He is very good.

Let Him call us.

And we will answer Him.

Let Him command us.

And we will obey Him.

PART OF PSALM CXLV. (TO BE SUNG).

All thy works praise | Thee, O | Lord : and
thy saints give | thanks | unto | Thee.

They show the glory | of thy | kingdom :
and | talk | of thy | power ;

That thy power, thy glory, and the mightiness |
of thy | kingdom : might be | known | unto |
men.

Thy kingdom is an ever- | lasting | kingdom :
and thy dominion en- | dureth through- | out
all | ages.

The Lord upholdeth all | such as | fall : and
lifteth up all | those | that are | down.

The eyes of all wait upon | Thee, O | Lord :
and Thou givest them their | meat in | due |
season.

SERVICES

Thou openest | thine | hand: and fillest |
all things | living with | plenteousness.

The Lord is righteous in | all his | ways:
and | holy in | all his | works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call
up- | on him: yea all such as | call up- | on
him | faithfully. *Amen.*

Praise be to our God.

And thanksgiving for ever.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be
thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us
this day our daily bread; And forgive us our
trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass
against us. And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil; For thine is the king-
dom, the power and the glory, For ever and
ever. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, we live in Thee. We work
by thy strength; We sleep in thy care; And
when we awake, we are still with Thee. Show
us thy ways; Teach us thy paths; Lead us in
thy truth. May we be ever thankful, dutiful,
and holy. *Amen.*

HYMN.

LESSONS OR ADDRESS.

HYMN.

IV.—THE TEACHER

Holy Father, let thy blessing rest upon us, and give us strength. May we love the truth and speak the truth. May we be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another. Give us grace to keep pure in heart, and to watch and pray. *Amen.*

IV.

THE TEACHER.

With Responses.

HYMN.

LET us call to mind Jesus our master, who is the example and pattern for all. Let us listen to his words, for they are words of Eternal Life.

(To be sung.)

The voice of old by Jordan flood
Still floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

SERVICES

Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus—still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way ;
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey !

Jesus taught the law of religion.

*To love the Lord our God, with all our heart,
and mind and strength.*

He taught the law of justice.

To love our neighbours as ourselves.

He taught the law of love.

*To love our enemies ; to bless them that curse
us, to do good to them that hate us.*

Jesus loved the beauty of the earth, saying,
‘ Consider the lilies of the field how they
grow.’

Teach us, Lord, so to consider.

He was merciful and prayed for his enemies,
saying, ‘ Father, forgive them ; they know not
what they do.’

Teach us, Lord, thus to pray.

He loved children and the child-like heart,
saying, ‘Suffer little children to come unto
me, and forbid them not; for of such is the
kingdom of heaven.’

Teach us, Lord, thus to come.

He loved the outcast and the wicked, saying,
‘Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no
more.’

Teach us, Lord, thus to love.

He loved the humble and the poor, and was a
friend to the despised.

Teach us, Lord, thus to befriend.

He was gentle and patient, but strong to resist
evil.

Teach us Lord, thus to be strong.

He taught that religion is not in words or forms,
but in the thought of the heart. His trust
was in God, and in the unseen things which
are eternal.

Teach us, Lord, thus to trust.

Let us learn of Jesus, who was meek, lowly, and
brave. When we labour, and are heavy laden,
when we are tempted, sinful, sorrowful, may
the thought of him make us strong, patient,
cheerful, kind.

SERVICES

Jesus, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope, across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,
Make our daily life divine ;
Friend and brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine !

Thanks forever, heavenly Father,
That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
Shines a holy light through him.

Amen.

LESSONS OR ADDRESS.

HYMN.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Grant we beseech Thee, our heavenly Father,
that the words we have heard this day, may
through thy grace, be so grafted in our hearts,
that they shall bring forth in us the fruit of good
living, to the honour of thy holy name. Trust-
ful and grateful we give ourselves to thy keeping
and guidance ; and would pray as thy beloved
son has taught us,—

V.—DUTY

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil ; For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. For ever and ever.
Amen.

The Lord will give strength unto his people.

The Lord will bless his people with peace.

The Lord preserve our going out and our coming in.

From this time forth, and even for evermore.
Amen.

V.

DUTY.

With Responses.

HYMN.

LORD'S PRAYER.

IT is the Lord's will that we should be diligent in our several callings.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should be honest truthful, and upright, in thought, word, and deed.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should endeavour to keep our bodies in health, and our appetites and passions under control.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should be ready and willing to lighten toil, to console the sorrowful, and to bear each other's burdens.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should bear with each other's infirmities, and as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should live chiefly to make others happy and good, and not to seek only our own pleasure.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

It is the Lord's will that we should diminish the sufferings of mankind, by learning his laws and keeping them, so that we may overcome all evil with good.

Lord of our life, incline our hearts to keep this law.

LET US PRAY.

O Almighty Lord, and everlasting God, Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, To direct, sanctify, and govern Both our hearts and bodies, In the ways of thy laws, And in the works of thy commandments, That through thy most mighty protection, Both here and ever, We may glorify Thee, in body and soul. *Amen.*

HYMN.

LESSONS OR ADDRESS.

HYMN.

The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath us are the everlasting arms.

As our day, so shall our strength be. Amen.

VI.

THANKSGIVING.

With Responses.

HYMN.

LET us give thanks unto the Lord.
It is meet and right so to do.

O God our Heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we thank Thee for the life Thou hast given us, and the service Thou hast appointed us. For all we know of thy will, and all we feel of thy love,

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.

For the work we are able to do, for the truth we are permitted to learn; for any good there has been in our past lives, and for our hopes for years to come,

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.

For this world in which Thou hast placed us; for day and night, for summer and winter, for seed-time and harvest,

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.

VI.—THANKSGIVING

For thy word of righteousness and truth, spoken
by the wise and good in all ages, shown in
noble lives, and in the faithfulness of every
true child of thine,

*We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and
earth.*

For Jesus, in whom that word was so clearly
shown to men, and who is set as a light of the
world, to lighten us on our way to Thee,

*We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and
earth.*

For our homes and our friends; for all that
comes to help and cheer us; for encourage-
ment to duty, for strength in temptations, for
sympathy in sorrow,

*We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and
earth.*

For all the discipline of life, whether we now
understand it or not; even for the trials, the
temptations, and failures we meet,

*We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and
earth.*

For this day of rest, these hours of communion
with each other and with Thee, when we
meditate on thy goodness, and call to re-
membrance thy loving kindnesses, which
have been ever of old,

SERVICES

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.

Lord make us less unworthy of all thy mercies ;
and give us grace to praise Thee in our whole
lives; ever seeking to know and do thy will,
and giving thanks unto Thee for all things.

Amen and Amen.

HYMN.

LESSONS OR ADDRESS.

HYMN.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the light of
day and the stillness of night ; For the beauty
of the sky and of the earth ; For the stars and
the flowers ; For the dear faces of those we
love ; And for the gift of immortal life. We
thank Thee for this service. What we have
learned may we remember, And what we re-
member, With thy help may we do. *Amen.*

To Thee, O Lord, our eyes look up.

And our hope is in Thee.

May we go forth with a blessing.

For thy goodness' sake. Amen.

HYMNS
OF PRAISE AND TRUST

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST.

1. *Come, let us worship.* 10.10.11.11.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above !
O gratefully sing his power and his love !
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

O measureless Might ! Ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.
R. Grant (abridged).

2.

Come, let us Sing.

7s.

LET us with a wind-like song
 Freshen all the air of life ;
 Singing makes the weak heart strong,
 Now to win seems worth the strife ;
 Songs to Him who is our light,
 Will disperse each cloudy fear ;
 Songs to Him who is our might,
 Will the wavering onward cheer.

Let us sing the solemn praise
 Of that blessed Potentate,
 Who with life's eternal blaze
 Does the heavens irradiate ;
 He for ever, only He,
 Has a throne all thrones above ;
 Name his realm Immensity,
 Name the mighty ruler Love.

Songs to Thee, O mighty Love,
 Have a sound like coming rain,
 Whose abundance soon shall prove
 Thou hast heard our souls complain ;

O, forgive our murmurings, Lord,
 Think but of our thirsty hours;
 From the bright clouds of thy word,
 Let us now have balmy showers.
T. T. Lynch.

3. *We magnify Thee.* 8.7.

DAY by day we magnify Thee,
 When our hymns in school we raise,
 Daily work begun and ended
 With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
 When as each new day is born,
 On our knees at home we bless Thee
 For the mercies of the morn.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
 Not in words of praise alone;
 Truthful lips and meek obedience
 Shew thy glory in thine own.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
 When with earnest care we try
 Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labours,
 Waiting for thy day in peace.
John Ellerton.

4. *The Saint's praise and the Child's.* 8:7.

HOLY saints and angels ever
 Fill thy heavenly courts with praise ;
 Yet, O Father, deign to listen
 To the hymns thy children raise.

Songs of saints are songs of triumph,
 They have conquered in the fight ;
 Left behind them sin and sorrow,
 Passed through death to heavenly light.

We are standing, Lord, and waiting
 In the morning sunshine still,
 On the edge of life's great battle,
 For the signal of thy will ;

Buckling on the heavenly armour
 We must wear if we would win :
 Learning eagerly the watchword
 ' Love of God and hate of sin ! '

Keep us, Father, through the struggle ;
 And when on it sets the sun,
 Scarred and wounded, but victorious,
 May we hear thy high ' Well done. '

Edith Gittins.

5.

The All-bountiful.

7.6.

THOU Father of our spirits,
 Whose love and bounty roll
 Unstinted, like a river,
 To every human soul ;
 We thank Thee for our coming
 Into this world of thine,
 For power to see its beauty,
 And make our lives divine.

For the green earth we thank Thee,
 With beast and bird and tree ;
 The sky that o'er us floateth,
 So blue and bright and free.
 Thanks for the morning sunshine,
 And the encircling air,
 For sight of earth and heaven,
 Thy universe so fair.

For parents and for kindred ;
 For home of childhood's years,
 Its tender care and shelter,
 Its gladness and its tears :
 For loving help and guidance
 In hours of sorest need ;
 For heroes, saints, and sages,
 Of lofty thought and deed.

Thanks for the holy circle
 In deathless union found,
 Who with us work and worship,
 Or sleep beneath the ground :

O that our lives so gifted,—
 Our daily thoughts and ways,
 May gladly raise to heaven
 Unbroken hymns of praise.
T. W. Chignell (abridged).

6.

Adoration.

7s.

THOU who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move,
 Thee we bless ; thy praise be sung,
 While an ear can hear a tongue.

Oh, how sweet, how excellent
 'Tis with tongue and heart's consent,—
 Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
 To renown thy name in songs.

When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 Thy high favours to rehearse,
 Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
 Harvest rich doth Autumn yield ?
 Giver of all good below !
 Lord, from Thee these blessings flow.

Who thy wonders can express ?
 All thy thoughts are fathomless ;
 Lord, Thou art most great, most high !
 Such from all eternity !

G. Sandys.

7. *'The riches of his grace.'* C.M.D.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
 The Lord is very kind;
 O come to Him, come now to Him,
 With a believing mind.
 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
 Like flowing waters cool;
 And He shall for thy spirit be
 A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high;
 O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
 And have security.
 He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily,
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell;
 O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with his light thou shalt be blest,
 Therein to work and live;
 And He shall be to thee a rest,
 When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

8. *' O all ye works of the Lord.'*

7.4.

LET the whole creation cry,
 Alleluia !
 Glory to the Lord on high !
 Alleluia !
 Heaven and earth awake and sing,
 Alleluia !
 ' God is good, and therefore King,'
 Alleluia !

Praise Him all ye hosts above,
 Alleluia !
 Ever bright and fair in love,
 Alleluia !
 Sun and moon uplift your voice,
 Alleluia !
 Night and stars in God rejoice,
 Alleluia !

Chant his honour, ocean fair !
 Alleluia !
 Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
 Alleluia !
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud, and storm,
 Alleluia !
 Rain and snow his praise perform,
 Alleluia !

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Let the blossoms of the earth,
Alleluia !
Join the universal mirth !
Alleluia !
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Alleluia !
Sing with joy at heaven's gate,
Alleluia !

Men and women, young and old,
Alleluia !
Raise the anthem manifold ;
Alleluia !
And let children's happy hearts
Alleluia !
In this worship bear their parts,
Alleluia !

From the north to southern pole
Alleluia !
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Alleluia !
Holy, holy, holy One,
Alleluia !
Glory be to God alone !
Alleluia !
Stopford A. Brooke.

9. ‘ *We praise Thee, O God.*’ L.M.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship Thee,
 Thou Father of eternity !
 With splendour from thy glory spread
 Are heaven and earth replenishèd.

To Thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high,
 The apostles' glorious company,
 The prophets' fellowship praise Thee.

The noble and victorious host
 Of martyrs make of Thee their boast ;
 The holy Church, in every place,
 Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honour Thee ;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
 To keep us safe from sin this day ;
 O Lord, have mercy on us all ;
 Have mercy on us when we call.

Moravian Hymn Book.

10. *Praise from all.* 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,
 In heaven's bright abode,
 The angel-hosts on high
 Sing praises to their God :
 Alleluia !
 They love to sing
 To God their King
 Alleluia !

But God from youthful tongues
 On earth receiveth praise,
 We then our cheerful songs
 In sweet accord will raise.
 Alleluia !
 We too will sing
 To God our King
 Alleluia !

O blessed Lord, thy truth
 To children now impart,
 And teach us in our youth
 To know Thee as Thou art.
 Alleluia !
 Then shall we sing
 To God our King
 Alleluia !

The early dew of love
 On thirsting souls O send ;
 And solace from above
 With worldly sorrows blend.
 Alleluia !
 Then shall we sing
 To God our King
 Alleluia !

O may thy holy word
 Spread all the world around ;
 And all with one accord
 Uplift the joyful sound,
 Alleluia !
 Then all shall sing
 To God their King
 Alleluia !

11.

' Lift up your hearts.'

7s.

LET us sing with one accord,
 Praises to our gracious Lord ;
 He is worthy whom we praise,
 Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,
 He hath kept us to this hour,
 He redeems us from the grave,
 He forever lives to save.

What He bids us, let us do ;
Where He leads us, let us go ;
As He loves us, let us love
All below, and all above.

Dear to Him is childhood's prayer ;
Children's hearts to Him are dear ;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

H. F. Lyte.

12. '*Holy, Holy, Holy.*' 11.12.12.10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise
to Thee :

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide
Thee.

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,

Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth
 and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Reginald Heber (altered).

13.

Gladsome praise.

7s.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods, He is the God,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who by wisdom did create
 The painted heav'ns so full of state,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

14.

' They that seek me early.'

7s.

HOLY Father, life is fair,
 I have known no secret care ;
 Sunbeams all around me rest,
 Joy is still my bosom's guest.

Holy Father, life is fair,
 Therefore listen to my prayer ;
 Let me come within thy fold,
 Ere my heart grows hard and cold.

I'm afraid that if I wait
 Sin may keep me from thy gate ;
 So I humbly knock and pray,
 Do not send thy child away.

Though I am so happy now,
 Health upon my youthful brow,
 Yet I know that life will bring
 Winter too as well as spring.

Therefore take me to thy breast,
 Let me on thy bosom rest ;
 Fill my heart with love divine,
 Let thine image in me shine.

Then my life will all be bright ;
 Thou wilt be my joy and light ;
 And I shall not fear to die ;
 Heaven will be my home on high.

Eliza. A. Godwin.

15.

For Guidance.

6.5.

LEAD us, heavenly Father,
 Lead us, Shepherd kind ;
 We are only children,
 Weak and poor and blind.
 All the way before us,
 Thou alone dost know ;
 Lead us, Heavenly Father,
 Singing as we go.

Lead us, heavenly Father,
 In our opening way ;
 Lead us in the morning
 Of our little day ;
 While our hearts are happy,
 While our souls are free,
 May we give our childhood
 As a song to Thee.

Lead us, heavenly Father,
 As the way grows long ;
 Be our strong salvation,
 Be our joyous song.
 Gladdened by thy mercies,
 Chastened by thy rod,
 May we walk through all things,
 Humbly with our God.

Lead us, Heavenly Father,
 By thy voices clear,
 Through the prophets holy,
 Through the Saviour dear,—

He who took the children
 In his arms of love,—
 May we all be gathered
 In his home above !

Brooke Herford.

16.

Prayer for Help. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

FATHER, let thy benediction,
 Gently falling as the dew,
 And thy ever gracious presence,
 Bless us all our journey through ;
 May we ever
 Keep the end of life in view.

Young in years we need the wisdom
 Which can only come from Thee ;
 In the morn of our existence,
 Let us thy salvation see ;
 Pure in spirit,
 Then shall we thy children be.

When temptations shall assail us,
 When we falter by the way,
 Let thine arm of strength defend us,
 Father, hear us when we pray ;
 Thou art mighty,
 Be Thou, then, our rock and stay.

M. E. Shelley.

17. *Lead us, O Father.* IOS.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace ;
 Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appal and sorrows still increase ;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living
 way.

Lead us, O Father in the paths of truth ;
 Unhelped by Thee in error's maze we grope,
 While passion stains and self-will dims our
 youth,
 And age comes on uncheered by faith and
 hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone ;
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the paths may be,
 Through joy or sorrow as Thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

18. *Prayer in Youth.* II. IO.

O GOD, most holy, merciful and mighty,
 Grant us thy blessing through our onward
 way,

Lead us and keep us, lest we idly wander
 Far from thy presence, and the brighter day.

Now in the calm and peace of life's fair
morning,

Help us that we may serve Thee faithfully ;
Striving to follow in the Teacher's footsteps,
Loving his perfect law of liberty.

When fierce temptation like a storm surrounds
us,

And weak and faltering, wearily we stand,
Give us that succour which to him Thou gavest,
And in the darkness let us feel thy hand.

And when life's sun is swiftly westward sinking,
Let his sweet faith and love possess our breast,
Lifting the clouds that darken o'er the valley,
Leading us homeward to the land of rest.

P. H. James.

19.

'He first loved us.'

78.

FATHER, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be—
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me, I am not my own,
I am thine and thine alone ;
May I serve and copy Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love, in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy,
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

20.

The Spirit within. 7s. 6 lines.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my master speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would tender be ;
 Shut my heart up like a flower
 At temptation's darksome hour,
 Open it when shines the sun,
 And his love by fragrance own.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would mighty be ;
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail ;
 Ever by a mighty hope
 Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin I would
 Choose and cherish all things good,
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him who gave me thee.

T. T. Lynch

21.

' Strong in the Lord.'

75

THIRSTING for a living spring,
 Seeking for a higher home,
 Resting where our souls must cling,
 Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
 When we feel that Thou art near ;
 Father ! then our fears are still,
 Then the soul's bright end is clear.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown ;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within,
By thy Spirit's holy light ;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might !
F. P. Appleton.

22.

Hear us, Father.

6.5.D.6.

HEAR us, heavenly Father,
Thou whose gentle care,
Tends the young and feeble,
Hear our simple prayer.
Lord, we are unworthy,
In thy sight to stand,
Yet we come before Thee,
By thy kind command.
Hear us, heavenly Father,
Thou whose gentle care,
Tends the young and feeble,
Hear our simple prayer,
Hear, O hear ; Father, hear.

Pardon our offences ;
Guard us from all ill ;
Make us, like true children,
Love thy holy will.

Let not sin beguile us
 From thy paths to stray,
 But with thy great mercy
 Keep us night and day.
 Pardon our offences ;
 Guard us from all ill ;
 Make us, like true children,
 Love thy holy will.
 Hear, O hear ; Father hear.

23.

' The Lord is my Light.'

L.M.

SPIRIT of truth ! who makest bright,
 All souls that seek for heavenly light,
 Appear, and on our darkness shine ;
 Descend, and be our guide divine.

Spirit of power ! whose might doth dwell
 Full in the souls that love Thee well,
 Unto our fainting hearts draw near,
 And be our daily quickener.

Spirit of joy ! who makest glad
 Each broken heart by sin made sad,
 Pour on our mourning souls thy cheer,
 And we will bless our comforter.

O tender Spirit ! who dost mourn
 Whene'er from Thee thy people turn,
 Give us each day to grieve Thee less,
 And serve in fuller faithfulness ;

Till Thou shalt make us meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

T. H. Gill.

24.

The Everlasting One.

S.M.

O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come shine away my sin.

O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness.

O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way,
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy and light and day.

O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

Horatius Bonar.

25.

The Divine Peace.

6s.

MY spirit longs for Thee,
 Within my troubled breast,
 Though I unworthy be
 Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest,
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest
 Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
 In vain I look around ;
 In all that I can see,
 No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
 But in thy blessed love ;
 O let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above.

John Byrom.

26.

God in All, All in God.

S.M.

LORD, I on every day,
 With grateful heart would say,
 ‘ Thy truths are sure and beautiful ;
 How can my life grow dull ? ’

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

And when I eat and drink,
I joyfully would think,
That all Thou hast created good
May be a wise man's food.

And as I work and trade,
Pay others and am paid,
'Knowledge,' I'll say, 'we must not cease
To exchange, and so increase.'

And when I hear the crowd
In busy traffic loud,
I'll cry, 'How sweet would be the sound,
Were all but brothers found!'

And when my friends at night
Count my return delight,
I'll think how pleased my God will be
His child in heaven to see.

T. T. Lynch.

27.

God uses All.

S.M.

MAKE use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot,
Let not thy child be cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be ;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
 The tiny drops of dew,
 The giant peak, and little hill,
 My God, O use me too.

Thou usest tree and flower,
 The river, vast and small;
 The eagle great, the little bird
 That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
 The little hidden lake,
 The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
 The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
 The sand-grain by the sea,
 The thunder of the rolling cloud,
 The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
 All creatures great and small,
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The weakest of them all.

Horatius Bonar.

28.

All may serve. C.M. 6 lines.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,
 But train me for thy will;
 For even I, in fields so broad,
 Some duties may fulfil;
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

All works are good, and each is best,
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his Sonship may ;
Lord, I would serve and be a son,
Dismiss me not I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

29. *God in Everything.* S.M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee !

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend ;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
 E'en servile labours shine,
 Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

George Herbert.

30. '*Daily strength for daily needs.*'

78.

FATHER, lead me day by day,
 Ever in thine own sweet way;
 Teach me to be pure and true,
 Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave;
 Make me know that Thou canst save;
 Keep me safe by thy dear side,
 Let me in thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
 Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
 And, when all alone I stand,
 Shield me with thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
 Help me to remember Thee—
 Happy most of all to know
 That my Father loves me so.

When my work seems hard and dry,
 May I press on cheerily;
 Help me patiently to bear
 Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight ;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,
Be thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

John Page Hopps.

31.

All Things tell of God.

S.M.

A LITTLE child may know
Our Father's name of Love ;
'Tis written in the earth below,
And on the sky above.

Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see ;
This world is like a picture book
To teach his name to me.

The thousand little flowers
Within our garden found,
The rainbow and the soft spring showers,
And every pleasant sound ;

The birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night ;
With every tiny living thing ;
Rejoicing in the light ;

And every star above
 Set in the deep blue sky,
 All tell me that our God is love,
 And tell me He is nigh.

Jane E. Leeson.

32.

The grace of Gentleness.

6.5.

FATHER, holy Guardian,
 In thy tender love,
 Teach us little children
 To be like the dove.

Kind and very loving
 To our playmates all ;
 Into angry passions
 Never let us fall.

So that when night cometh,
 And we kneel to pray,
 We may look with gladness
 On our well-spent day.

And may feel thy blessing
 Fill each little breast,
 Like a soft caressing,
 As we go to rest.

33.

The love of God. C.M. 6 lines

O LITTLE birds that all day long
 Carol in every tree,
 What is the secret of your song,
 The meaning of your glee?

You are so very, very glad,—
How loving God must be !

Dear flowers that blossom round my feet,
It fills my heart to see
Your smiling faces, when you meet
God's wind upon the lea ;
You seem to laugh for happiness,—
How loving God must be !

And all day long our hearts rejoice,—
God cares for you and me ;
We are but children, yet our voice
May praise Him merrily ;
And we can sing like all the birds,—
How loving God must be !

34.

Praise and Service.

6.5.

MARCH, my little children,
March with gentle feet,
Give your praise to God, with
Voices low and sweet.
God knows you are singing,
God is ever near,
Even if you whisper,
God will surely hear.
March, my little children,
March with gentle feet,
Give your praise to God, with
Voices low and sweet.

God knows all your wishes,
 God knows every thought,
 God is like a Father,
 Gentle Jesus taught.
 If you do your duty,
 God will see you fed,
 He is full of justice,
 Gentle Jesus said.

March, etc.

If you love your neighbour,
 If you soothe his pain,
 God, so Jesus told us,
 Loves you more again.
 If, when you are naughty,
 You would rightly live,
 God is full of pity,
 Ask, He will forgive.

March, etc.

Jennett Humphreys.

35.

Our Father.

L.M.

GR^{EAT} God ! and wilt Thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend ;
 I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

Art Thou my Father ? Can'st Thou bear
 To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?
 Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise ?

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee,
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above!

Ann Taylor.

36.

Daily Blessings.

7.7.8.8.7.

DAY and night the blessings fall
From the gracious Lord of all;
Blessed are the meek and lowly,
Blessed are the pure and holy;
Silently the blessings fall.

Day and night the genial powers
Fill the earth with fruit and flowers;
Tender, mystic light from heaven
Warms the morn and flushes even,
In this lovely world of ours.

Day and night the blessings fall,
 Love and wisdom for us all ;
 Wondrous signs of love are round us,
 Wondrous truths of God have found us ;
 And of Christ who loveth all.

God of all things good and fair,
 Make our daily lives thy care ;
 Make us gentle, kind and lowly,
 Always pure, and good, and holy ;
 Father, hear thy children's prayer.
Mrs. Lunn.

37.

The True Worship.

7.6.D.

IN olden time men worshipped
 At altars built of stone ;
 And thought God loved them only,
 And called none else his own.
 But Jesus tells us truly,
 That worship undefiled
 Is paid by hearts as trusting
 As of a little child.

In olden time the offering
 By priestly hands was made ;
 Their prayers alone brought blessing,
 Or God's fierce anger stayed ;
 But now we know, wherever
 The pleading human heart
 Yearns for a Father's blessing,
 There, Thou, the Father, art.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

No more the priest is needed
To bring God's blessing down,
To sue for man's forgiveness,
To charm away God's frown :
We know Thee as the Father
Who hears his children's call ;
We worship Thee by loving,
Or worship not at all.

W. I. Haskell.

38. *Life more than words.* C.M.

O THOU who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown ;

While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go ;
That with our lips and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford.

39.

Self-consecration.

7s.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord to Thee ;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my hands, and let them move,
 With the impulse of thy love ;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King ;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.
 Take my silver, and my gold,—
 Not a mite would I withhold ;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou dost choose.
 Take my will, and make it thine !
 It shall be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart, it is thine own !
 It shall be thy royal throne.

Frances R. Havergal.

40.

All from God.

7s.

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
 All that is, and is to be,
 Be it old, or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that does not sing
Sweetest praises to thy name,
Not an insect on the wing
But thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

Fill us then with love divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May, in spirit being thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth thy name adore,
Till with angel-choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.
Godfrey Thring.

41. *Self-consecration.* 7s.

GOD of Jesus! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with his holy mind.

Plant and root, and fix in me
Trust, as of a child, in Thee ;
Settled peace I then shall find,
Like the Master's quiet mind.

Anger then I ne'er shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined,
Like the Master's gentle mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in every lot resigned,
Like the Master's patient mind.

When his faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Not the Master's noble mind.

Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
May I to the end endure ;
Be no more to ill inclined,
Like the Master's perfect mind !

Charles Wesley.

42.

God our Helper. 7s. 6 lines.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

There are stony ways to tread,
Give the strength we sorely lack ;
There are tangled paths to thread,
Shed thy light upon our track.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
W. W. How (altered).

43.

The Rainy Day.

8.8.8.4.

O GOD, we stand beneath thy sky,
 We feel thy winds go sweeping by,
 We hear thy rain with tender sound
 Fall on the ground.

We look below us and above,
 Thy presence fills the world with love
 And light and joy, oh, who would flee,
 Father from Thee !

If we have sinned, we can but lay
 Our burden at thy feet, and pray
 For nobler thoughts and firmer will,
 Our souls to fill.

Then from thy winds and birds and skies
 Songs of consoling love shall rise,
 O God, how sweet it is to flee
 From sin to Thee !

Frederick T. Mott.

44.

Prayer for Courage.

8.7.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength, that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be ;
 But the steep and rugged pathway
 May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay,
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our guide,
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be Thou at our side !

45.

God in the Heart.

S.M.

WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
 Is He within thy heart ?
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Only in stars and sun ?
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Confined to Scripture's page ?
 Or does his Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age ?

O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart ;
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had ;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

46.

C.M.

God's ways merciful though mysterious.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.
William Cowper.

47. *The Lord is my Shepherd.* 7s.

AS his flock the shepherd leads
 Gently through the flowery meads,
 Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
 Peaceful rivers, soft and slow,

So doth God conduct my feet
 Where the tranquil waters meet;
 Streams of life that never fail,
 Winding silent through the vale.

When I wander from his care,
 Lured by many a specious snare,
 He pursues my devious track,
 And in mercy brings me back.

Where the shades of darkness spread
 Gloom impervious o'er my head,
 Where the king of terrors reigns,
 He my fainting soul sustains.

Heavenly Shepherd ! lead me still
 Upwards to thy holy hill,
 Where untainted breezes blow,
 Where unwithering pastures grow.

W. Lamport.

48.

God's Gifts

8.7.

L ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives :—

Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above ;
 Human tears and human laughter,
 And the depth of human love ;—

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
 Of our pulses flowing free ;
 E'en for every touch of sadness
 That may bring us nearer Thee.

Teach us so our days to number
 That we may be lowly-wise ;
 Dreary mist or cloudy slumber,
 Never dull on heavenward eyes.

Hearty be our work and willing,
 As to Thee and not to men :
 For we know our soul's fulfilling
 Is in heaven, not till then.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

49. *The Sure Redress.* 7.6.

GOD comes, with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He shall come down as showers
 Upon the thirsty earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end.

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever—
 His great, best name of Love.

James Montgomery.

50.

God is Love.

8.7

GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
 Man decays and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

51.

The Divine Sympathy.

8.7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea,
 There's a kindness in his justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven ;
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of men's mind ;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make his love too narrow
 By false limits of our own ;
 And we magnify his strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at his word ;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.
F. W. Faber.

52. *Happy Trust.* 8.4.8.8.4.

GOD holds the key of all unknown,
 And I am glad ;
 If other hands should hold the key,
 Or if He trusted it to me,
 I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,
 Without its rest ;
 I'd rather He unlocked the day,
 And, as the hours swing open, say,
 'Thy will is best.'

The very dimness of my sight
 Makes me secure ;
 For, groping in my misty way,
 I feel his hand ; I hear Him say,
 ‘ My help is sure.’

I cannot read his future plans,
 But this I know—
 I have the smiling of his face,
 And all the refuge of his grace,
 While here below.

Enough : this covers all my wants,
 And so I rest :
 For what I cannot, He can see,
 And in his care I safe shall be—
 For ever blest.

53. *My times are in thy hand.* C.M. 6 lines.

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me ;
 The changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see ;
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.
 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 A work of lowly love to do
 For Him on whom I wait.

Anna L. Waring.

54.

God our Help.

C.M.

O GOD of ages, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers we now present
 Before thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

O spread thy shelt'ring wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

Philip Doddridge.

55.

Abide with me.

108.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word—
But as a father with his children, Lord,
Tender, compassionate, to access free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Pity for tears, a heart for every plea,
Come, God of mercy, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse, meanwhile
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !
H. F. Lyte.

56. *The true Light.*

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see
The distant way—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Would'st lead me on ;
I loved to see and choose my path ; but now,—
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

So long thy power hath kept me, sure it still
 Will lead me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
J. H. Newman.

57. *God our Guide.*

10.10.10.10.6.6.

GOD leads us on by paths we did not know ;
 Upwards He leads us, though our steps
 are slow.

Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
 Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day ;
 But when the clouds are gone,
 We know He leads us on.

He leads us on through all the trying years,
 Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and
 fears ;

He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
 In paths of peace, and wisdom's pleasant ways.
 And when the clouds are gone,
 We know He leads us on.

And He at length when past the weary strife,
 Will lead us home to everlasting life :
 No parting then !—for there on that bright shore
 We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.
 For when the clouds are gone,
 We know He leads us on.

58.

Thy will be done.

8.8.8.4.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home on life's rough way;
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say—
 Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
 Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply—
 Thy will be done!

Though Thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
 I have but yielded what was thine—
 Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I'll strive to say—
 Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
 Thy will be done!

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore—
Thy will be done !

Charlotte Ellion.

59.

Litany.

7.7.7.6.

FATHER, from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye ;
Hear us, O our Father !

Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell ;
Hear us, O our Father !

Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine ;
Hear us, O our Father !

Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray :
Hear us, O our Father !

Make us brave, without a fear ;
 Make us happy, full of cheer,
 Sure that Thou art always near ;
 Hear us, O our Father !

Father, from thy heavenly throne,
 Watching o'er each little one,
 Till our life on earth is done ;
 Hear us, O our Father !
 Thomas B. Pollock.

60. *Litany.* 7.7.7.6.

FATHER ! thy dear name we own ;
 Low we bend before thy throne :
 Seek all things in Thee alone ;—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Helpless by ourselves are we :
 Only in thy light we see :
 Strength we only find in Thee :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Giver of all good Thou art :
 O ! renew each fainting heart :
 Give us in thy love a part :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Kindle in our souls a flame,
 Burning out all sin and shame !
 Glorify in us thy name !—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

More than all, O Lord above,
 Doubt and fear from us remove !
 Fill our hearts with thy dear love :
 Help us, Lord most holy !
 H. W. Hawkes.

61.

Litany.

7.7.7.6.

HEAVENLY Father, from thy throne,
 Look in love and pity down
 On each suppliant little one,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Foolish, dull, and weak we lie,
 Guard us with thy loving eye,
 Be our Helper, always nigh,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Help us to lament our sin,
 And in heavenly strength begin,
 Daily victories to win,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Keep us lowly that we may,
 Ever watchful, turn away
 From the snares temptations lay,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

On our darkness shed thy light,
 Lead our wills to what is right,
 Wash our soiled natures white,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing what we say,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Fix our hearts on all things high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

So at last from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessed be,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

62.

Litany.

7.7.7.6.

L ORD of Life ! for ever nigh,
All unseen by mortal eye,
Harkening to the humblest cry,
We beseech Thee, hear us !

Oft we cling to things of earth,
Fleshly pleasures, empty mirth ;
Give us, Lord, a heavenly birth ;
We beseech Thee, hear us !

In thy light make all things new ;
With thy spirit pierce them through ;
Cleanse the false, reveal the true ;
We beseech Thee, hear us !

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

In thy holy Fatherhood
Give our souls their fitting food ;
Make us strong for all things good ;
We beseech Thee, hear us !

Evil passions in us slay,
Show thy will from day to day ;
Give us wisdom to obey ;—
We beseech Thee, hear us !

Best of all, O Lord, most high !
Grant us grace to feel Thee nigh,
While we live, and when we die :—
We beseech Thee, hear us !
H. W. Hawkes.

63.

Litany.

7.7.7.6.

GOD of mercy, loving all,
Quick to raise us when we fall,
On thy name of love we call ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not though it suffers long,
Kind to those who do the wrong ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that envies none
For the joy of work well done,
Or the good which they have won ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

HYMNS OF PRAISE AND TRUST

Give the love in kindness shown,
Living not for self alone,
Making others' good our own ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow,
Never helping strife to grow ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that thinks no ill,
That with power of gentle will
Can the voice of slander still ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that faith makes blest,
Hoping always for the best,
Even when with doubts distressed :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that foe or friend,
Slight or wrong cannot offend,
True, enduring to the end ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Thomas B. Pollock.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY.

64.

The still small Voice.

6s.

GOD sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within ;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.

If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us
Clear as noonday we see.

If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone ;
If still unheeded, it
Will leave us quite alone.

O grief ! to be allowed
To go our own wild way ;
Lord, hold thy children back,
Lest we so sadly stray.

And help us to attend
To thy sweet voice divine ;
Then in the judgment day,
Own us, good Lord, as thine.

Esther Wigglesworth.

65. *The Present God.* C.M.

GOD is in heaven. Can He hear
 A little prayer like mine?
 Yes, that He can; I need not fear;
 He'll listen unto mine.

God is in heaven. Can He see
 When I am doing wrong?
 Yes, that He can; He looks at me
 All day and all night long.

God is in heaven. Would He know
 If I should tell a lie?
 Yes; though I said it very low
 He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven. Does He care
 Or is He good to me?
 Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
 'Tis God that gives it me.

God is in heaven. May I pray
 To go there when I die?
 Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
 He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Gilbert.

66. *God's Judgment.* C.M.

GOD does not judge as we must do,
 By word and look and tone;
 He sees the motive through and through,
 And knows why all is done.

The costly gift, from hand of pride,
 He will not bless at all;
 He loves the offering, sanctified
 By faith, however small.

A cup of water lovingly
 To want or weakness given,
 For Love's dear sake will surely be
 Acceptable in heaven.

The helpful hand, the tender heart,
 Kind words and gentle ways
 In God's remembrance have a part;
 And all show forth his praise.

H. Bateman.

67.

The One Talent.

5.6.

GOD entrusts to all
 Talents few or many;
 None so young and small
 That they have not any.
 Though the great and wise
 Have a greater number,
 Yet my one I prize,
 And it must not slumber.

Little drops of rain
 Bring the springing flowers;
 And I may attain
 Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
 Every little measure,
 Helps to spread the light,
 Helps to swell the treasure.

God will surely ask,
 Ere I enter heaven,
 Have I done the task,
 Which to me was given.

God entrusts to all
 Talents few or many ;
 None so young and small
 That they have not any.

James Edmeston.

68.

My Life.

C.M.

GOD make my life a little light
 Within the world to glow,
 A little flame that burneth bright
 Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
 That giveth joy to all ;
 Content to bloom its little hour,
 Although its place be small.

God make my life a little staff,
 Whereon the weak may rest ;
 That so what health and strength I have
 May serve my neighbour best.

God make my life a little hymn
 Of tenderness and praise,
 Of faith, that never waxeth dim
 In all his wondering ways.

M. Beetham-Edwards.

69.

Little Things.

65.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

So our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in distant lands.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

Ebenezer C. Brewer.

70.

The Eternal Protector.

7.6.D.

O HAPPY Christian children,
 Who seek a home above,
 And read in all creation,
 A heavenly Father's love.
 What earthly foes can harm us
 What power can make us fear,
 If God is watching o'er us,
 With succour ever near?

His ear in all our dangers
 Is listening when we call ;
 His hand in all temptations
 Will hold us lest we fall.
 In joy we now approach Him,
 In hope we kneel and pray ;
 For He whose love redeems us,
 Will wash our sins away.

When earth no help can find us,
 And all its light is gone,
 He sends his blessed Spirit
 To lead us safely on.
 And when at last our bodies
 Must lay them down to rest,
 With Him we'll trust our spirits
 To be for ever blest.

Lawrence Tuttiett.

71.

Purer and Purer.

6.5.D.

PURER yet, and purer,
 I would be in mind ;
 Dearer yet, and dearer
 Every duty find.
 Hoping still, and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear.
 Calmer yet, and calmer,
 Trial bear and pain ;
 Surer yet, and surer,
 Peace at last to gain.
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart, and will, and mind.
 Higher yet, and higher,
 Out of clouds and night ;
 Nearer yet and nearer,
 Rising to the light—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.
 Quicker yet, and quicker,
 Ever onward press ;
 Firmer yet, and firmer,
 Step as I progress.

Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast ;
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.
From Goethe.

72. *A Living Sacrifice.* C.M.

THERE is no service unto God,
 No sacrifice, no praise,
 Which gives delight so true to Him,
 As just and noble ways.

When we are playing in a game,
 His servants we may be,
 If in its rounds, benevolence
 To comrades, He can see.

If patient with their selfishness,
 We pardon when they pain ;
 If, when they scoff at what we do,
 We scoff not back again ;

If with good humour and content,
 In duties great or small,
 To kindred and acquaintances,
 We try to bless them all ;

If when we try our very best,
 And seem in vain to try,
 And fail to please, as Jesus failed
 With those on Calvary ;

We serve the God who ever takes
 Delight in noble ways,
 Our life, far more than words can be,
 Is his perpetual praise.

Benjamin Waugh.

73.

Trifles.

7.6.

A THOUGHT is but a little thing,
 That nobody can see,
 Yet a real joy or sorrowing
 That thought may come to be.

A word ! O, what can well be less !
 And yet by every one,
 There comes sweet peace or bitterness,
 And good or ill is done.

An action ! all the little deeds
 That ripple through the day—
 What right or wrong from each proceeds
 Before they pass away !

Great God, my actions, words, and thoughts
 Are all observed by Thee ;
 May I, by thy good Spirit taught,
 Live always carefully.

H. Bateman.

74. *'For every idle word men speak.'* 7s.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear,
For us, or against us, there.

Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin !
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray,
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee,
Till, in heaven, we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

John G. Fleet.

75. *Little by Little.* 9s.

LITTLE by little the time goes by,
Short if you sing through it, long if you
sigh ;

Little by little—an hour, a day,—
Gone with the years that have vanished away ;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

Little by little the skies grow clear,
 Little by little the sun comes near ;
 Little by little the days smile out,
 Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt ;
 Little by little the seed we sow
 Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
 Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong !
 Little by little the Wrong gives way—
 Little by little the Right has sway ;
 Little by little all longing souls
 Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men,
 Blossoms to beauty for human ken ;
 Little by little the angels see
 Prophecies better, of good to be ;
 Little by little the God of all
 Lifts the world nearer his pleading call.

Leon Herbert.

76.

One by One.

8.7.

ONE by one thy sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going ;
 Do not try to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its tasks to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.

77. *The Ocean of Life.* 8.7.

O'ER the wide and restless ocean
Of our life we speed along,
And to God, whose mercy wafts us,
Will we raise our trustful song :
For, though dark the flood behind us,
And though dim the track before,
Yet our barque shall reach her haven,
On a bright and blessed shore.
For at last a light shall cheer us,
Softly beaming from afar ;
And the love of God shall guide us
Like a fadeless beacon star.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Never fear the angry surges
 Beating o'er the reefs of sin ;
But obey the voice of duty,
 Keep alert the watch within.
And still bravely steer right onwards,
 Though the tempest sweep the sea,
Like the Christ, who rode in safety
 Through the storm on Galilee.
 For at last, etc.

To the call to keep our courses
 True to nobleness and worth,
Let our hearts be all as constant
 As the needle to the north.
And whate'er the fears and dangers,
 That may cloud our changeful day,
To the firm of heart and fearless,
 Shall no peril bring dismay.
 For at last, etc.

For our home is o'er the waters,
 On a fair but distant strand ;
And the Saviour is the pilot,
 Who shall bring us safe to land,
Where the waves shall break in music,
 And the rough wind blow no more,
And a blissful welcome wait us
 From the loved ones gone before.
 For at last, etc.

A. N. Blatchford.

Scattering Seed

7.3.7s.

I N the furrows of thy life,
Scatter seed !

Small may be thy spirit-field,
But a goodly crop 'twill yield ;
Sow the kindly word and deed,
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed !

Open then thy golden store,
Stretch the furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need ;
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed.

Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed !

Who can tell where grain may grow ?
Winds are blowing to and fro ;
Daily live thy simple creed,
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed.

Open, etc.

Up ! the morning flies away,
Scatter seed !

Hand of thine must never tire,
Heart must keep its pure desire ;
While thy brothers faint and bleed,
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed.

Open, etc.

Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed !

Some may fall on stony ground ;
Flower and blade are often found

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

In the clefts we little heed ;
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed.
Open, etc.

Spring-time always dawns for thee !
Scatter seed !

Open then thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need,
Scatter, scatter, scatter seed.
Open, etc.

79.

Freely give.

P.M.

HAST thou aught of good received ?
Freely give, freely give !
Hast thou words of truth believed ?
Freely give !
Rust corrupts and moths destroy—
Freely give, freely give !
Let another share thy joy—
Freely give !
Do not hoard with selfish care :
All thy blessings freely share :
Thou shalt still have some to spare,—
Freely give !

Of thy smiles and of thy tears
Freely give, freely give !
They will soothe thy brothers' fears ;—
Freely give !

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Tender words do more than gold :
 Freely give, freely give !
 Half their work can ne'er be told —
 Freely give !
 He whose mercies never cease
 Fills the loving heart with peace ;
 All its treasures still increase !—
 Freely give !

Hast thou faith in heaven above ?
 Freely give, freely give !
 Doubting hearts may share thy love—
 Freely give !
 Hast thou heard thy Father's voice ?
 Freely give, freely give !
 In thy light let all rejoice—
 Freely give !
 Souls who never knew their God,
 Following where thy feet have trod,
 Yet may find his guiding rod—
 Freely give !

H. W. Hawkes.

80. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.' C.M.

DIG channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing founts
To fill them every one.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

But if, at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
The blessings from above ;
Ceasing to share, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

81.

Loving.

P.M.

A WAY with all thought that is selfish and
cold,

(The hope of the world is loving !)

In generous deeds let the spirit be bold,—

(The hope of the world is loving !)

Fountain of Love ! our source is in Thee ;

Doing thy will the spirit is free.

Beautiful day, when all of us see

The hope of the world is loving !

How dark is the soul in its bondage of sin,—

(The hope of the world is loving !)

But never too dark for a dawn to begin.—

(The hope of the world is loving !)

Fountain of Love, etc.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

And all the sad faces of earth shall be glad,—
(The hope of the world is loving !)
The deserts shall bloom and with laughter be
clad.
(The hope of the world is loving !)
Fountain of Love, etc.

O joy, then, to live for the spirit's release,—
(The hope of the world is loving !)
And see even now the fair city of peace.—
(The hope of the world is loving !)
Fountain of Love, etc.
A. M. Gannett.

82.

Love's Measure.

8.7.

LOVE and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone,
Do we love our neighbour's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers;
'Twas of Christ the last request.

When the poor are unbefriended,
If we will not pity lend,
Christ accounts himself offended,
Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,
 Thus his goodness to reward !
 Selfishness indeed is hateful
 In the followers of the Lord.

Jane Taylor.

83. *' Let brotherly love continue.'* 11.10.

O BROTHER man ! fold to thy heart thy
 brother ;

Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there :
 To worship rightly is to love each other,

Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken ;

The holier worship which He deigns to bless,
 Restores the lost and binds the spirit broken.

And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of him whose holy work was ' doing good ' ;

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple :

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

84. *Light and Shadow.* 8.7.

THERE'S never a day so sunny
 But a little cloud appears ;

There's never a day so happy,

But it has its time of tears ;

Yet the sun shines out the brighter

Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
 With a rose in every plot ;
 There's never a heart so hardened
 But it has one tender spot ;
 We need only prune the border
 To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises,
 But we know 'twill set at night ;
 The tints of the morning vanish,
 But to shine at eve as bright.
 And the hour that is the sweetest
 Is that 'twixt dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy,
 But the waking makes us sad ;
 There's never a dream of sorrow,
 But the waking makes us glad ;
 We shall look some day with wonder
 At troubles we once have had.

85.

The Soul.

7s.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
 Loving goodness, hating sin,
 Always craving to be blest,
 Finding here below no rest ?

Naught that charms the ear or eye
 Can its hunger satisfy ;
 Active, restless, it would pierce
 Through the outward universe.

What is it? and whither, whence,
 This unsleeping, secret sense,
 Longing for its rest and food
 In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul!—mysterious name—
 Him it seeks from whom it came;
 It would, mighty God, like Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy, be.

W. H. Furness.

86.

The Voices.

7s.

MANY voices seem to say—
 'Hither children, here's the way;
 Haste along, and nothing fear,
 Everything is pleasant here!'

Yes, but whither would you lead?
 Is it happiness indeed,
 Or a little shining show,
 Leading down to shame and woe?

We were made for better things;
 High as heaven our nature springs:
 Like the lark that upward flies,
 We were made to seek the skies.

We were made to love, revere
 Him who made and placed us here;
 Made to study and fulfil
 All his good and holy will.

87. ' *He that ruleth his own spirit.*' C.M.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts, and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads;
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself
To be the child I should—
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my happy heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out all fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee and feel
That Thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win,
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within;

Be Thou my guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 Thy happy kingdom in myself,
 And dare to take command.

Louisa M. Alcott.

88. *The least can do something.* 7.6.8.8.6.

OH, what can little hands do
 To please the King of heaven?
 The little hands some work may try
 To help the poor in misery;
 Such grace to mine be given,

Oh, what can little lips do
 To please the King of heaven?
 The little lips can praise and pray,
 And gentle words of kindness say;
 Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
 To please the King of heaven?
 Our hearts, if God his spirit send,
 Can love and trust their heavenly Friend;
 Such grace to mine be given.

How small is all that we can do
 To please the King of heaven!
 When hearts and hands and lips unite
 To serve the Father with delight,
 They are most precious in his sight;
 Such grace to mine be given.

Farin.

I READ of 'many mansions'
 Within the house divine;
 I need not go to find them,
 For one of them is mine;
 God lives in mine and loves me;
 Who else could bring the day?
 Who spread the sleep upon me?
 Who give me hands to play?

And when I say 'Our Father,'
 It seems so far to pray,
 To think of heaven up yonder;
 I can but turn and say:
 'Dear Father, close beside me,
 I feel Thee dimly near,
 In every face that loves me,
 In each kind word I hear.'

He's the touch of mother's fingers,
 So full of love and care;
 He's the pleasantness of trying,—
 The help inside the prayer.
 I do not understand it,
 But so it seems to be,
 There always is that Other,
 Whom I but dimly see.

William C. Gannett.

90.

The Work we can do.

5.6.6.5.9.

THE fields are all white,
 And the reapers are few,
 We children are willing,
 But what can we do
 To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small,
 And our words are so weak,
 We cannot teach others;
 How then shall we seek
 To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
 By the pennies we bring,
 By small self-denials—
 The least little thing
 May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,
 As the years pass at length,
 We too may be reapers,
 And go forth in strength
 To work for our Lord in his harvest.

91.

Singing from the heart.

P.M.

IF you have a pleasant thought,
 Sing it, sing it;
 Like the birdies in their sport,
 Sing it from the heart!

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

When your happy soul within,
Throwing off its care and sin,
Would a thankful prayer begin,
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, singing from the heart,—
Oh, the bliss our songs impart!
Let us praise the tuneful art,
Singing from the heart.

Are you weary? Are you sad?
Sing it, sing it;
Make yourself and others glad,
Sing it from the heart;
Angels up before his face,
Sing of his redeeming grace,
Give the Father endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, etc.

Have you felt the Father's love?
Sing it, sing it;
Join the angel choirs above,
Sing it from the heart;
Let your praises full and free,
Rise in joyous melody,
When you would right thankful be.
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, etc.
H. R. Palmer.

92.

The Children's Gifts.

7.6.

THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth;
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health.
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King;
 We have no wealth or learning,
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways.
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day,
 We'll try our best to please Him
 At home, at school, at play.
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King,
 Than richest gifts without them,
 Yet these a child may bring.

93.

The Witness of All.

7.6.

THERE lives a voice within me,
 Guest-angel of my heart,
 Whose whisperings strive to bring me
 To act a manful part.
 Up evermore it springeth
 Like some sweet melody,
 And evermore it singeth
 This sacred truth to me ;
 This world is full of beauty,
 The coldest heart to move,
 And if we do our duty,
 It may be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest,
 The flower-lips of the sod,
 The birds that hymn their raptures
 Up to the throne of God,
 The summer wind that bringeth
 Joy over land and sea,
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This blessed truth to me ;
 This world is full of beauty, etc.

Oh, voice of God most tender,
 Oh, voice of God divine,
 Still be my heart's defender
 Till every thought is thine.

My soul in gladness bringeth
 Its song of praise to thee,
 While all around me singeth
 This holy truth to me ;
 This world is full of beauty, etc.

94.

The Inward Voice.

C.M.

THERE is a voice of singing birds
 So merry and so glad,
 There is a voice of little streams,
 That sounds both sweet and sad.
 There is a loud and fearful voice
 Of thunder in the sky ;
 There is a voice among the leaves
 Of breezes passing by.

We love to hear these voices speak,
 We listen to their sound ;
 We should not like so well to have
 A silence all around.
 But there is yet another voice,
 That speaks in gentler tone,
 I think that we can hear it best
 When we are quite alone.

It is a still, small, holy voice—
 The voice of God most high—
 That whispers always in our heart,
 And says that He is by.

That voice will blame us when we're wrong,
 And praise us when we're right ;
 We hear it in the light of day,
 And in the quiet night.

And even those whose ears are deaf
 To every other sound,
 When they have listened, in their hearts
 The little voice have found.
 And they have felt that God is good
 And thanked Him for his voice,
 That taught them what was right and true,
 And made their hearts rejoice.

95. *Life's Warfare.* 7s.

THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
 From life's entrance to its close ;
 Blest the bold who dare engage,
 Woe to him who seeks repose.

What our foes ? Each thought impure ;
 Passions fierce that tear the soul ;
 Every ill that we can cure ;
 Every crime we can control ;

Every suffering which our hand
 Can, with soothing care, assuage ;
 Every evil of our land ;
 Every discord of our age.

On then to the glorious field !
 He who dies, true life shall save ;
 God himself shall be our shield,
 He shall bless and crown the brave.
S. G. Bulfinch.

96.

Duty.

C.M.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
 High work have we to do,
 In faith and trust to follow him
 Whose lot was lowly too.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
 And loving deeds, may be
 A stream that still the nobler grows,
 The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
 However tried and pressed,
 In God's clear sight high work we do,
 If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
 With rays of glory bright ;
 Thus we may turn a crown of thorns
 Into a crown of light.

William Gaskell.

97.

A Psalm of Life.

8.7.

LIFE is real ! life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 ‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way :
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints that, perhaps, another,
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

98.

Life is Onward.

6.5.

LIFE is onward—use it
 With a forward aim ;
 Toil is heavenly—choose it,
 And its warfare claim.
 Look not to another
 To perform your will ;
 Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—try it
 Ere the day is lost ;
 It has virtue—buy it,
 At whatever cost.
 If the world should offer
 Every precious gem,
 Look not at the scoffer,
 Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it
 In each varied dress ;
 Your own heart can speed it
 On to happiness.
 His bright pinion o'er you,
 Time waves not in vain,
 If Hope chants before you
 Her prophetic strain.

The Dial.

99.

' *Strong in spirit.*'

L.M.

G O forth to life, O child of earth,
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
 Thou art not here for ease or sin,
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on, from innocence of youth,
 To manly pureness, manly truth ;
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
 For noble service, thou art here,
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

S. Longfellow.

100.

The Summons.

C.M.

G OD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
 Now each man to his post ;
 The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
 Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the truth
 And counting all the cost,
 Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
 He joins the noble host.

He who, no anger on his tongue,
 Nor any idle boast,
 Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
 He joins the sacred host.

He who, with calm, undaunted will
 Ne'er counts the battle lost,
 But, though defeated, battles still,—
 He joins the faithful host.

He who is ready for the cross,
 The cause despised loves most,
 And shuns not pain nor shame nor loss,—
 He joins the martyr host.

S. Longfellow.

101.

Glad Service.

L.M.

WHO calls thy glorious service hard?
 Who deems it not its own reward?
 Who for its trials, counts it less
 A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field;
 Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again :
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !
- J. G. Whittier.

102.

The night cometh.

7.6.5.

WORK for the night is coming !
Work through the morning hours
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming !
Work, through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming !
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing.
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth, to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

103.

Work on.

8.7.

WORK in faith ! though doubt and sorrow
 Cloud the mind and chill the heart ;
 God will send a brighter morrow
 If we play a steadfast part.

Work in hope ! for He will cherish
 Every seed of good we sow ;
 Germs of truth can never perish,
 But to fairest trees will grow.

Work in love ! and do not falter ;
 Though we're neither strong nor wise,
 Love can lay on God's own altar,
 Gifts which He will not despise.

Sarah Dendy.

104.

Working with God.

L.M.

NEVER would I commence a task
 But I thy will would know or ask;
 But often I present to Thee
 A good work done too wilfully.

The wise must heavenly service do
 In heavenly mode and measure too;
 Else their appointed tasks may be
 Done rather to themselves than Thee.

How oft we persevere in pride
 With work that should be laid aside!
 How oft thy choicer works postpone
 For others that are more our own.

Leave me not, Lord, and I will be
 A better servant unto Thee;
 And what I have in zeal begun
 Shall with discretion too be done.

And what I do with all my might,
 And what I do with my delight,
 Nor joy nor ardour shall pervert,
 To cause my weakness and my hurt.

T. T. Lynch.

105.

Work is Blessed.

7s. 6 lines.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
 Honest work with quiet rest;
 Rest below, and rest above,
 In the mansions of his love;

When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work ye, Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food ;
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

Working not alone for gold.
Nor for work that's bought and sold ;
Not the work, that worketh strife,
But the working of a life ;
Careless both of good or ill
If ye can but do his will.

Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts ;
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

Godfrey Thring.

106.

True Life.

L.M.

HE liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give ;
Else is that being but a dream—
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain.
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Horatius Bonar.

107.

Light for Work.

C.M.

L ORD, give me light to do thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.
The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn,—
I wander oft, and think it thine,
When walking in my own.

Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
 And pleasant is the way ;
 But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
 Am prone to go astray.
 O send me light to do thy work—
 More light, more wisdom give :
 Then shall I work thy work indeed,
 While on thine earth I live.

So shall success be mine in spite
 Of feebleness in me ;
 Beyond all disappointment then
 And failure shall I be.
 The work is thine, not mine, O Lord ;
 It is thy race we run ;
 Give light, and then shall all I do
 Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar.

108.

Now and Afterward.

8.7.

NOW the sowing and the weeping,
 Working hard, and waiting long ;
 Afterward, the golden reaping,
 Harvest-home and grateful song.

Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
 Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot ;
 Afterward, the plenteous bearing,
 And the Master's pleasant fruit.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's ' Enter thou !'
F. R. Havergal.

109.

Walk in Light.

C.M.

WALK in the light ; so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

B. Barton.

110.

Wake, Watch, Work.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry—
Wake, brethren, wake !
Daybreak is drawing nigh—
Wake, brethren, wake !
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light ;
Yours is the glory bright—
Wake, brethren, wake !

Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Clear is our Lord's command—
Watch, brethren, watch !
Be ye as men that wait,
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch !

Heed ye the Steward's call—
Work, brethren, work !
'There's room enough for all—
Work, brethren, work !

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour doth afford ;
Yours is a sure reward—
Work, brethren, work !

Hear we the Shepherd's voice—
Pray, brethren, pray !
Would ye his heart rejoice—
Pray, brethren, pray !
Sin calls for ceaseless care ;
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye tarry here—
Pray, brethren, pray !

Sound now the final chord—
Praise, brethren, praise !
Thrice holy is the Lord ;
Praise, brethren, praise !
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
Whilst heaven the note prolongs—
Praise, brethren, praise !

111. *'Not my will, but thine.'* L.M. 6 lines.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower, —
Alike they're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
 Creator ! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to Thee.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

O ne'er will I at life repine,—
 Enough that 'Thou hast made it mine.
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams.

112.

Pilgrim Song.

8.7.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light,
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence,
 O'er his ransomed people shed ;
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread.

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain the lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the one Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

Ingemann
(translated by S. Baring-Gould).

113.

Pilgrim Song.

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing !
 Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now,—and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; lo ! ye stand
 On the borders of the land ;
 Jesus, from its summit won,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick.

114.

True Rest. P.M. Irregular.

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil !
Is not true leisure
One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best,
Use it, not waste it,
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee, all round ?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt,
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest.

J. S. Dwight.

115.

Daily Mercies.

7s.

TENDER mercies, on my way,
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

Anna L. Waring.

116.

Thy grace be on us.

7.6.

LOOKING upward every day,
 Sunshine on our faces;
 Pressing onward every day,
 Toward the heavenly places;
 Growing every day in awe,
 For thy name is holy;
 Learning every day to love,
 With a love more lowly;
 Walking every day more close
 To our Elder Brother;
 Growing every day more true
 Unto one another;
 Leaving every day behind
 Something which might hinder;
 Running swifter every day,
 Growing purer, kinder;
 Lord, so pray we every day,
 Hear us in thy pity!
 That we enter in at last
 To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

117.

The pure-hearted Child.

C.M.

B Y cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly pass away.

O thou, whose infant feet were led
 Within thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
 Were all alike divine ;

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
 We ask his grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own!

Reginald Heber.

118.

The Best of Days.

7.6.

O DAY of holy gladness,
 O rest of wearied heart,
 O comfort mid our sadness,
 The day of days thou art !

Calm day of sacred leisure,
 Set free from din and haste ;
 Sweet feast of purest pleasure
 Which humble souls may taste.

Blest day when with their Father,
 The children, scattered wide,
 Beneath his roof-tree gather,
 And in his love abide.

A time for sweet communion
 With friends we fondly love :
 A foregleam of the union
 We seek in worlds above.

A day for prayer and singing
 In God our Father's name ;
 A time when souls upwinging
 Draw down the heavenly flame.

O day of holy gladness,
 O rest of wearied heart,
 O comfort mid our sadness,
 The day of days thou art !

H. W. Hawkes.

119.

Prayer.

C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,—
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' Behold, he prays ! '

James Montgomery.

120.

Search for God.

C.M.

ALL men have sought to find Thee, Lord.
In earth, and sky, and sea ;
And every rite and creed explored
To know thy majesty.

Alas ! by ignorance oppressed,
They fail too oft to see,
That those, with truth and meekness blessed,
Are ever near to Thee.

In heaven above and earth below,
A faithful course is gain :
And they whose virtues steadfast grow,
Shall goodly joys attain.

If love of God be law divine,
 And love of man as well—
 Let all who would with prophets shine
 Make haste in these to dwell.

Give men their due in helpful life :
 Give God the glory too :
 And so ends bitterness of strife—
 Begins religion true.

G. Heaviside.

121.

Life's Mystery.

7s.

MANY things in life there are
 Past our understanding far,
 And the humblest flower that grows
 Hides a secret no man knows.

All unread by outer sense
 Lies the soul's experience ;
 Mysteries around us rise—
 We, the deeper mysteries !

While we may so little scan
 Of thy vast creation's plan,
 Teach us, O our God, to be
 Humble in our walk with Thee.

May we trust, through ill and good,
 Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
 And our highest wisdom find,
 In the reverent heart and mind !

Clearer vision shall be ours,
 Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
 And the meaning yet appear
 Of what passes knowledge here.
F. L. Hosmer.

122. *The Thought of God.* C.M.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
 So deep it is and broad,
 And equal to my every need,—
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
 I feast at life's full board ;
 And rising in my inner skies
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
 I drop my daily load,
 And every care is pillowed there
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
 But take in trust my road ;
 Life, death, and immortality
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
 The martyr's path who trod ;
 The fountains of their patience flowed
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
 My pilgrim staff and rod,
 My rest by night, my strength by day,
 O blessed thought of God !

F. L. Hosmer.

123.

Our Creed.

8.7.D.

WE believe in Human Kindness,
 Large amid the sons of men,
 Nobler far in willing blindness
 Than in censure's keenest ken.
 We believe in Self-Denial,
 And its secret throb of joy ;
 In the love that lives through trial,
 Dying not, though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of Duty,
 Warning us to self-control,—
 Foregleams of the glorious beauty
 That shall yet transform the soul :
 That, from all the wreck of nature
 Sin doth in the sinner leave,
 He may yet regain the stature
 He hath lost,—we do believe.

We believe in Love renewing
 All that sin hath swept away,
 Leaven-like its work pursuing
 Night by night and day by day :

In the power of its remoulding,
 In the grace of its reprieve,
 In the glory of beholding
 Its perfection,—we believe.

We believe in Love Eternal,
 Fixed in God's unchanging will,
 That beneath the deep infernal,
 Hath a depth that's deeper still !
 In its patience, its endurance
 To forbear and to retrieve,
 In the large and full assurance
 Of its triumph,—we believe.

124.

Our Fathers' Faith.

8.7.D.

OUR fathers' faith, we sing of thee,
 Dear faith which still we cherish ;
 Nor may our children's children see
 That faith decay and perish.
 'Tis faith in man, 'tis faith in God,
 'Tis faith in truth and beauty !
 In freedom's might, and reason's right,
 And all-controlling duty.

We may not think our fathers' thought,
 Their creed our lips may alter ;
 But in the faith they dearly bought
 Our hearts shall never falter.

'Twas faith in man, 'twas faith in God,
 'Twas faith in truth and beauty !
 In freedom's might, and reason's right,
 And all-controlling duty.

Oh, may that faith our hearts inspire
 To earnest thought and labour ;
 That we may share its heavenly fire
 With every friend and neighbour.
 'Tis faith in man, 'tis faith in God,
 'Tis faith in truth and beauty !
 In freedom's might, and reason's right,
 And all-controlling duty.

J. W. Chadwick.

125.

Heaven and Hell within.

7.6.

I HEAR them sing of heaven,
 I hear them speak of hell ;
 But what they are they know not,
 And where they cannot tell.
 The sky gives back no answer,
 The depths say naught to me,
 And in my heart I ponder
 What heaven and hell may be.

I'll ask my heart to answer,
 This thing they cannot tell :
 I'll search my soul for heaven,
 And sound its depths for hell.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

When Love abideth in me
I'll seek my heart's desire,
For in its glory kindling
My thoughts to heaven aspire.

I know my God is Holy ;
I know his will is just ;
My soul is filled with gladness
When in his love I trust :
But when I blindly wander
And yield to sin's dark sway,
Thick clouds of doubt and anguish
Shut out the light of day.

I'll seek no more for heaven
I find it in my heart :
And hell is close about me
When from my God I part.
In life or death unchanging
This law divine I see :
My soul gives back the answer
What heaven and hell may be.
H. W. Hawkes.

126.

The Lord of All.

L.M.

ONE Lord there is, all lords above ;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is everlasting Right.

But ah ! to wrong what is his name ?
 This Lord is a consuming Flame
 To every wrong beneath the sun ;
 He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the everlasting Name,
 Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame,
 Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me ?

If I be ruled in other wise,
 My lot is cast with all that dies,
 With things that harm, and things that hate,
 And roam by night and miss the gate.—

The happy gate, which leads us where
 Love is like sunshine in the air,
 And Love and Law are both the same,
 Named with the everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands.

127.

Hymn of Trust.

C.M.

I LITTLE see, I little know
 Yet can I fear no ill ;
 He who hath guided me till now
 Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
 Of trouble or of care,
 But He my trembling step hath stayed,
 And given me strength to bear.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of my own ;
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowship be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn,
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must ;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

F. L. Hosmer.

128.

Persevere.

7.6.D.

MY Lord a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banished,
And all is love and light.
What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear ;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

My Lord a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of pearl and gold all burnished,
Of jewels, costly, rare ;
A home where nothing lacketh,
Away with doubt and fear !
'Tis mine, 'tis mine that mansion,
If I but persevere.

My Lord a song is teaching
The angel choirs on high ;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery.
A song to greet the wanderer,
To heaven's gate drawing near ;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine that welcome,
If I but persevere.

S. Baring-Gould.

129.

All is Well. 8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.

I HEAR a sweet voice ringing clear,
 All is well !
 It is my Father's voice I hear,
 All is well !
 Where'er I walk that voice is heard ;
 It is my God, my Father's word ;
 Fear not, but trust ; I am the Lord,
 All is well !

In happy days I love to sing,
 All is well !
 'Midst sounding songs I spread the wing,
 All is well !
 I burst from out my prison bars,
 Nor fear nor hate my transport mars,
 I soar and sing beyond the stars,
 All is well !

But then, when darker days come on,
 All is well !
 I sigh that I am far from home,
 All is well !
 Then, like a dove far from her nest,
 I mourn to be for ever blest ;
 I know there is a land of rest ;
 All is well !

Clouds cannot long obscure my sight,
 All is well !
 I know there is a land of light,
 All is well !
 From strength to strength, from day to day,
 I tread along the world's highway ;
 Or often stop to sing or say,
 All is well !

In morning hours serene and bright,
 All is well !
 In evening hours or darkening night,
 All is well !
 And when at last my hour shall come,
 And I on earth shall cease to roam,
 Oh, let me sing as I go home,
 All is well !

E. Paxton Hood.

130.

Our Heritage.

7s.

HEIR of all the ages, I—
 Heir of all that they have wrought !
 All their store of emprise high,
 All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
 Sheds its lustre on my way ;
 All their labours, all their prayers
 Sanctify this present day.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears ;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years.

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
Heir of every hope, that time
To earth's fainting sons hath given.

Aspirations pure and high ;
Strength to do and to endure ;
Heir of all the ages, I—
So, I am no longer poor.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

131. *The Goal.* 6.5.6.5.7.5.6.5.

WHITHER are you going,
Pilgrims of a day ?
Tarry but a moment,
Rest you on your way.
No, we cannot linger here ;
Day is waning fast ;
We must reach the haven,
Ere the light be past.
Onward, ever onward
Though by tempest driven,
Oh, how sweet the promise,
We shall rest in heaven.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

You will soon be weary,
Pilgrims of a day ;
Trials are before you,
Dangers in your way.
Still by faith we'll journey on,
Though our path be drear ;
If our Father leads us
What have we to fear ?
Onward, etc.

Pilgrims, are you going
Where the angels' song
O'er the fields of glory
Gently floats along ?
Yes, we seek the better land,
Lovely, pure and fair,
Where no grief can enter ;
Will you meet us there ?
Onward, etc.

May we journey with you,
Pilgrims of a day ;
Will you help us onward
In the heavenly way ?
Come, we gladly bid you come ;
Day is waning fast ;
We must reach the haven,
E'er the light is past.
Onward, etc.

132.

Soldiers of the Cross.

6.5.

H EAVENWARD lift your banners,
 Braving pain and loss ;
 Strike for God and victory,
 Soldiers of the Cross !
 In your holy warfare,
 Quit you now like men ;
 In your Leader's service,
 Counting all things gain.
 Heavenward lift your banners,
 Braving pain and loss ;
 Strike for God and victory,
 Soldiers of the Cross !

From the holy city
 Countless souls look on ;
 They have waged the warfare,
 They the crown have won ;
 Now with eager longing,
 Still they scan the fight ;
 Nerve ye, Christian warriors,
 Strike for God and Right.
 Heavenward, etc.

When your steps are faltering ;
 When your strength is low ;
 When your arm is weary :
 Nerveless every blow ;

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

See, they urge you onward,
They, the martyr throng ;
Hear their loud Hosannas !
Hear their battle song !
Heavenward, etc.

Can ye then be faithless,
Traitors to your God !
Can ye flee the pathway
Saintly hosts have trod !
Where the fight is thickest,
Plunge with courage high !
'Strike for God and Victory !'
This your battle cry.
Heavenward, etc.
H. W. Hawkes.

133.

Forward.

6,5.D.

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight :
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth ;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth :
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray :
Forward out of error,
Leave behind the night :
Forward through the darkness
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them ;
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright ;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours !

Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold:
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might:
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

Henry Alford.

134.

On our way rejoicing.

11.

ON our way rejoicing, as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
 Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!
 Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee.
 On our way rejoicing, as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

If with honest-hearted love to God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou who giv'st the seed-time, wilt give large
 increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with
 peace. On our way rejoicing, etc.

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go; [foe!
 Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our
 God without, our safety, God within, our joy;
 Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

On our way rejoicing etc.

J. S. B. Monsell.

135. *Onward, Christian Soldiers.* 6.5.D.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 He, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Onward into battle,
 See his banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided—
 All one body we—
 One in hope and spirit,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song ;

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Glory, praise, and honour
To our gracious King—
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.

136.

Our Country.

7.6.

NOW pray we for our country,
Oh, may she ever be
The holy and the happy
And the gloriously free !
Who blesseth her is blessed !
Peace be within her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls !
For her we labour gladly,
For her we give our best,
Our strength, our thought, our treasure,
So she is truly blest.
And she shall be the giver
Of peace and liberty ;
And all the world shall bless her,
This jewel of the sea !

137.

The Golden City.

8.7.

HAVE you heard the golden city
Mentioned in the legends old ?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls ;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city ;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts ;
All our lives are building stones.
Some can do but humblest service,
Hew rough stones or break the soil,
While the few alone may gather
Joy and honour from their toil.

Yet for it we still must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief,
In it find the end of living,
And the anchor of belief.
But a few brief years we labour--
Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
And our place knows us no more.

But the work which we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years,
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right ;
It will merge into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler.

138.

The New Jerusalem.

6s.

O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above,
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love.
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God ! Thou art.

Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go,
 When in his steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God ! Thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In his name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

139.

The City of God.

C.M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest song,
 One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth !
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
 With never-fainting ray !
 How rise thy towers serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surges' angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands ;
 Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands !

S. Johnson.

140.

The Undying Things. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

EARTH, with its glories bright,
 Passeth away :
 Clouds shadow heaven's light
 Day after day.

HYMNS OF LIFE AND DUTY

Still through the flight of years,
God's love the same appears,
Shining through smiles and tears,
 With fadeless ray.

Truth, through all changing time,
 Deathless shall prove ;
And to each age and clime
 Speak of God's love ;
Making his holy will
Clearer and clearer still,
As through our joy or ill
 Onward we move.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though like the flowers
Their softest tints may fly
 In wintry hours,
Yet shall the gentle dew
Give them their charms anew,
With all the brighter hue
 After the showers.

Nor shall our spirits lie
 Locked in the tomb ;
But in their home on high,
 Freed from its gloom,
There with the good and blest,
Those we loved most and best,
There in eternal rest
 Ever shall bloom.

141. *All shall dwell together.* 7.6.

AND shall we dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And every one be happy
And not a sorrow come?

Dark people from the islands
Far scattered o'er the sea?
Pale men, from icy deserts
Too cold for flower or tree?

Yes; all shall dwell together,
That once were far apart;
All who have served their Father
With hand and tongue, and heart.

Yes; all shall dwell together,
As children dwell at home;
And then we shall be happy—
God's Kingdom will have come.

142. *Death, and the Future Life.* S.M.

LET children never fear
To leave this world of ours;
To close their eyes to beauty here,
And summer's fading flowers.

Beyond the hills that stand
In majesty alone,
There is a brighter, purer land,
And there our Father's throne.

And thither soars the soul
When life's brief day is done ;
There is the destined happy goal
For each immortal one.

Then shall we turn away
When God would call us home ?
No ! let us rather gladly say,
' Lord, at thy call, we come.'

143.

The Child's Friend.

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky—
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die ;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years ;
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A home of goodness only,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy
Nor could be happier there.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky—
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song of joy and gladness,
 Of hope and love alone ;
 O come, dear little children,
 And sing it as your own.
Albert Midlane (altered).

144. *Here and There.* 7.5.7.5.7.7.

EVERY morning the red sun
 Rises warm and bright ;
 But the evening cometh on,
 And the dark, cold night ;
 There's a bright land far away,
 Where 'tis never-ending day.
 Every spring the sweet young flowers
 Open fresh and gay,
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away ;
 There's a land we have not seen,
 Where the trees are always green.
 Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long,
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song ;
 There's a place where angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

Who shall go to that fair land?
 All who love the right;
 Holy children there shall stand,
 In their robes of white;
 For that heaven so bright and blest,
 Is our everlasting rest.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

145.

Death of a Child.

7s.

LET no tears to-day be shed,
 Holy is this narrow bed.

Death, eternal life bestows,
 Open heaven's portal throws.

And no peril waits at last
 Him who now away has past.

Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed of race well run,

But the pity of the Lord
 Gives his child a full reward,

Grants the prize without the course,
 Crowns, without the battle's force.

God, who loveth innocence,
 Hastes to take his darling hence.

Lord, when this short life is done
Join us to thy little one,

And in thine own tender love,
Bring us to the home above.

From the Paris Missal.

146

Thanks for all Saints.

S.M.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord !
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord !
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee their Lord in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

147.

Carol.

6.5.

WAKEN! Christian children,
Up and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

Come, nor fear to seek him,
Children though we be ;
Once he said to children,
' Let them come to me ! '

Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.

Gifts he asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels,
Shines the modest eye ;
Best of gifts he loveth
Infant purity.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

S. C. Hamerton.

148. *The Prince of Peace.* L.M.

‘WHAT means this glory round our feet,’
The magi mused, ‘more bright than
morn?’

And voices chanted clear and sweet
‘To-day the Prince of Peace is born.’

‘What means that star,’ the shepherds said,
‘That brightens through the rocky glen?’

And angels answering overhead,
Sang, ‘Peace on earth, goodwill to men.’

‘Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e’er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then ;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, ' Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

For they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
' To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'
J. R. Lowell.

149.

Fresh Courage.

C.M.D.

NOW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim !
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him ?
Fill all your courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival !

And, still more freshly in the mind,
Store up the hopes sublime,
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives
On his triumphal morn.

150.

The Nativity.

108. 6 lines.

CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born,
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
 With them the joyful tidings first begun
 Of God's great glory and of Mary's son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice, ' Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations of the earth,
 This day hath God fulfilled his promised word ;
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
 In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire ;
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang,
 God's highest glory was their anthem still ;
 Peace upon earth and mutual goodwill.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shep-
 herds ran,
 To see the wonders God had wrought for man ;
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
 And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.
 To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,—
 The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

So run the ancient verses that record,
In legends sweet, the coming of the Lord.
O, may the angelic strains for ever ring
In our glad hearts, and peace and blessing bring !
Give us, O God, thy holiest gift, we pray—
His spirit—as we hymn his birth this day.

John Byrom.
(*Last verse added.*)

151.

Christmas Message

L.M.

‘FROM heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.

‘To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild ;
This little child of lowly birth
Shall be the joy of all the earth.’

Give heed, mine heart, lift up thine eyes ;
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is the child so young and fair ?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

My lips no more can silence keep,
My heart for very joy doth leap ;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest, ancient cradle song.

Martin Luther.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

152. *The Shepherd's Story.* L.M. 6 lines.

AS I kept watch beside my sheep,
 An angel gave me news to keep ;
 He said: 'There shall be born this night
 A little child of love and light,
 To God be highest glory given,
 To men goodwill and peace from heaven.'

He said: 'The child lies in a stall,
 But he shall bless the wide world all.'
 I saw the stall and holy child,
 I could not leave that presence mild.
 To God be highest, etc.

The child upon me turned his eye,
 And in his hand my heart laid I,
 When I went home, the child with me
 Went, and would never parted be.
 To God be highest, etc.

O holy child, I hallow thee,
 And joyful is my heart in me.
 To God be highest glory given,
 To men goodwill and peace from heaven.
 To God be highest, etc.

(Translated from the German by J. Vila Blake.)

153. *Christmas-time.* 8.7.D.

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore !
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more,
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began ;
And dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the light of man.

For trouble such as man must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us that we might share
His joy for evermore ;
And twice ten thousand years of strife
Shall not make nought his pain,
Nor mar the harvest of rich life
His patient love shall gain.

T. T. Lynch.

154.

Christmas Hymn.

C.M.

LONG, long ago, in manger low,
Was cradled from above
A little child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of Love.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe,—

Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came ;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
Are angels in disguise,
And greeted fair with trust and prayer,
As peace and love they rise !

They are the manger, rude and low,
In which a Christ-child lies ;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise !

W. C. Gannett.

155.

The Angel's Song.

C.M.D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

‘Peace to the earth—goodwill to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King!’
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the time is hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling;
And the whole world send back the song,
That now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

156. *The Mother and the Child.* 8.7.8.7.7.7.

ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for his bed.
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

And through all his wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love and watch the gentle mother
 In whose loving arms he lay.
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern, —
 Day by day like us he grew ;
 He was little, weak, and helpless, —
 Tears and smiles like us he knew.
 And he feeleth for our sadness,
 And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him
 Through his own redeeming love,
 For that child, so dear and gentle,
 Is our Lord in heaven above.
 And he leads his children on
 To the place where he is gone.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

157.

The Olden Story.

8.7.D.

OH, the beautiful old story
Of the Christ-Child's lowly birth ;
Of the hosts of angels singing
Praise to God, and peace on earth ;
Of the shepherd's adoration,
And the mother's pondering heart ;
Of the old man's benediction,
'Let me now in peace depart.'

Oh, the pleasant, peaceful story
Of that boy who grew so fair ;
Wisdom in the temple seeking,
Wiser than the doctors there ;
On his heavenly Father's business
Though intent in heart and soul,
With his parents home returning,
Subject still to their control.

Oh, the wonderful true story
Of the young man called by God,
Who among the poor and lowly
Bravely and devoutly trod ;
Blessing all the little children,
Preaching peace, rebuking strife,
Comforting the heavy laden
Lifting up the sinful life.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Oh, the sad and solemn story
Of the cross, the pain, the shame,
Of the courage, love and patience
That have sanctified his name.
His example let us follow,
Fearless, faithful to the end,
Walking in the sacred footsteps
Of our brother, master, friend.
Louisa M. Alcott (altered).

158. *Jesus and the Children.* 11.8.12.9.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hand had been placed on my
head,
That his arm had been thrown around me ;
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
' Let the little ones come unto me.'

If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,
When to love him and praise him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to his side.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

And if they should chide me or send me away,
I would cling to his sheltering knee ;
And I'd tell them the words he himself once did
say,
' Let the little ones come unto me.'

Yet still to the footstool of grace I may go,
And ask for a share of his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

Jemima Luke.

159.

' Follow Me.'

7.6.D.

THE world looks very beautiful,
And full of joy to me,
The sun shines out in splendour
On everything I see ;
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun ;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say,
But I will follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear ;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near ;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day ;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

Anna B. Warner.

160. *The Child Jesus.* 8.4.8.4.8.4.

CHILDREN, be bright and beautiful
In all your ways ;
And out of love to friends and foes,
In childhood's days,
Do deeds so fair, both God and man
Must join to praise.
Such was the life, while yet a boy,
Jesus displayed ;
Of nothing right or good or true
Was he afraid.
The love he had to please and bless
His beauty made.
And all the deeds so beautiful
Man loved to see,
Sprang from a heart of quiet trust
My God, in Thee.
Oh, that a heart of trust like his
Might grow in me !

Benjamin Waugh.

161. *The Old, Old Story.* 7.6.D.7.7.7.6.

I LOVE to tell the story—
 It lifts the heart above—
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love ;
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know how true,
 It helps me in my struggles,
 And quickens me anew.
 Oh, let us sing the story
 Of manhood in its glory—
 Yes, sing the old, old story
 Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story
 Of dauntless sacrifice ;
 Where one man serves God simply,
 And for his brother dies.
 I love to tell the story ;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all our mythic fancies,
 And all our golden dreams.
 Oh, let us sing, etc.

I love to tell the story ;
 It stirs one to repeat
 What seems each time we tell it
 More marvellously sweet.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

I love to tell the story,
The better yet to know,
How I myself forgetting,
May like the Master grow.
Oh, let us sing, etc.

I love to sing the story,
For they who know it best
Are those who with him labour
For the weary and oppressed ;
And ever down the ages
We hear their swelling song,—
'Tis but the old, old story
The world has loved so long.
Oh, let us sing, etc.
Altered.

162. *When he was twelve years old.* C.M.

O BLESSED truth that Christ above
Was once a child like me,
Sharing a gentle mother's love
And sheltering at her knee.

O blessed truth that Jesus grew
In wisdom's holy way,
And gained whate'er of good he knew
As I must do to-day.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

O blessed truth that he, before
Whom earthly monarchs bow,
Obedience learned in days of yore,
As I must learn it now.

O blessed truth that he who came
My teacher here to be,
Was taught subjection just the same
When once a child like me.

O blessed truth ! lie deep enshrined
Within my youthful breast,
That like my master I may find
In God's sweet will my rest.

W. G. Cadman.

163. *The Memory of Jesus. 7.7.7.7.7.*

LONG shall sweet remembrance tell
How, of old, from Jesus fell
Looks of love and words of cheer
While the children linger'd near :
Love like his, O God, we pray,
For the children of to-day !

Beautiful his life from youth,
Full of grace, and full of truth ;
Like a star on darksome way,
Shining unto perfect day :
Life like his, O God, we pray,
In the love of Christ to-day !

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Bending 'neath the cruel cross,
Fearing neither pain nor loss,
Bravely bearing all thy will.
Owning Thee his Father still:
 Strength and trust like his, we pray,
 'Mid the dangers of our way!

Like the gladd'ning beam of morn,
From the shades of night new-born,
Hope immortal o'er his tomb
Rises from the dust and gloom:
 Faith and hope, O Lord, we pray,
 While we wait th' eternal day.
 A. N. Blatchford.

164. *'They brought unto him young
 children.'* 8.8.8.6.

IT fell upon a summer's day
 When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
 Their children to his knee.

He took them in his arms and laid
 His hand on each remembered head;
'Suffer these little ones to come
 To me,' he gently said.

'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
 The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto my kingdom ye may come,
 But may not enter in.'

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Master, I fain would enter there ;
 O let me follow thee, and share
 Thy meek and lowly heart and be
 Free from all worldly care.

Of innocence and love, and trust,
 Of quiet work, and simple word.
 Of joy and thoughtlessness of self
 Build up my life, good Lord.

All happy thoughts and gentle ways,
 And loving kindness daily given,
 And freedom through obedience gained,
 Make in my heart thy heaven.

O happy thus to live and move ;
 And sweet this world when I shall find
 God's beauty everywhere, his love,
 His good in all mankind,

Stopford A. Brooke.

165.

The Pure in Heart.

8.7.D.4.

JESUS resting on the mountain,
 His disciples round him set,
 Spoke such words of heavenly wisdom,
 Gladly we recall them yet.
 Helpful comfort, loving counsel.
 Our great Teacher's words impart ;
 This the loveliest and the truest—
 'Blessed are the pure in heart,'
 'They shall see God.'

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Not the wise alone, or mighty
 May obtain this blissful sight,
So to fill earth's meaner pleasures
 With a higher, sweet delight ;
Not the greatest golden treasure
 Can secure this better part ;
But the poor—and little children—
 If they are but pure in heart,
 ‘ They shall see God.’

See Him in all beauteous places,
 In the night and waking morn,—
In the Winter and the Summer,
 In the Spring, with life new born ;
In each helpful act of duty,
 Each unclouded happy face,
In good work and truthful speaking,
 In strong limb and tender grace,
 ‘ They shall see God.’

Heavenly Father, help us ever
 As we journey on life's way,
Firmly to resist the evil,
 Lest it take this sight away.
Guide us into peaceful pastures,
 Where indeed we know Thou art,
Evermore thy love possessing,
 Blessed as the pure in heart,
 We shall see God.

Hugh Atkins.

166.

The Lord of Love.

7.7.5.7.7.5.

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
 Happy hearts to him were dear,
 Tho' his heart was sad ;
 Worn and lonely for our sake,
 Yet he turned aside to make
 All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
 From his loving grew his praise,
 From his giving, prayer ;
 All the outcast thronged to hear,
 All the sorrowful drew near
 To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields he drew
 From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
 Parables of God ;
 For within his heart of love
 All the soul of man did move,
 God had his abode.

Lord, be ours the power to keep
 In the heart when grief is deep,
 In all trial, love ;
 In our weakness to be wise,
 And through sorrow to arise
 To our God above.

Fill us with the strong desire
 All the sinful to inspire
 With our Father's life ;

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

And when in the fields and woods
We are filled with Nature's moods,
May the grace be given,
That our faithful hearts may say,
All we see and feel to-day
Is our Father's heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

167.

The Vanished Lord.

7s.D.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze, or angel's flight;
Through the veils of Time and Space,
Passed into the Holiest Place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left,
On this earth of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image shew.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

He is gone—we heard Him say
‘Good that I should go away.’
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be ;
No, His spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onwards roll ;
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast ;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change ;
Wheresoe’er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate’er we need.

He is gone—but not in vain ;
Wait until He comes again ;
He is risen—He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

(Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 of poem as written.)

168.

The Follower.

6.5.6.5.7.7.

I WOULD follow Jesus,
 And I know I may,
 For I hear him calling
 And he shows the way;
 How this youthful life of mine
 Shall with his own beauty shine.

I would follow Jesus,
 That my tongue may speak
 Words which carry comfort
 To the sad and weak;
 That my touch, as his, may feel
 Pain and wounds, to soothe and heal.

I would follow Jesus,
 And would gently bear
 My poor neighbour's sorrows,
 Sickness, trouble, care;
 And all earth's dark places make
 Brighter for my Saviour's sake.

Benjamin Waugh.

169.

For Jesus' Sake.

L.M.

WE are but little children weak,
 Not born to any high estate;
 What can we do for Jesus' sake
 Who is so high and good and great?

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take ;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

170.

The Teacher.

7s.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead thy child to Thee ?

Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him ;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus, in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

W. H. Furness.

171.

Happy Pilgrims.

7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
With Jesus as your Head.

O happy if ye labour,
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger,
As Jesus hungered then !

The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;

What are they, but his jewels,
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they, but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium
(translated by J. M. Neale).

172.

Looking unto Jesus.

6.5.D.

LOOKING unto Jesus
Who, so long ago,
Bore the Cross of suffering,
Drank the cup of woe,
Be thou also faithful,
Full of truth and grace,—
Looking unto Jesus,
Run thy heavenly race.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Looking unto Jesus
Meekly bear thy cross ;
Follow where he leadeth,
E'en to shame and loss.
Though the way be weary,
Though thy strength be gone,
Looking unto Jesus,
Bravely follow on !

Looking unto Jesus,
With the eye of faith,
See him living ever,
Conqueror over death !
God hath safely led him,
To his home on high ;—
Looking unto Jesus,
Fear not thou to die.

H. W. Hawkes.

173.

The Cross.

7.6.D.

THE sacred Cross of Jesus,
Stands like a beacon light,
To guide the storm-tossed wanderer
Across the gloom of night.
Amidst the crash of tempests,
It stands for ever sure ;
Upon the Rock of Ages,
It shall for aye endure.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I rest my weary soul,
When life is dark and troubled,
And floods of sorrow roll.
Upon his love I ponder,
That led him there to die,
Till all my troubles vanish,
And heaven seems very nigh.
O blessed Cross of Jesus!
O wondrous throne of love—
From thee a radiance shineth
That tells of heaven above:
On thee the Lord hath shown us
The depths of truth and grace;
In thee, as in a mirror,
We see the Father's face.

H. W. Hawkes.

174. *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* 108.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise
below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!
We look to thee; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their
way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way,
The holiest know;—Light, Life, and Way of
heaven!

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

Theodore Parker.

175. *Our Brother.*

8.7.

JESUS, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of Hope, across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

Faith and Hope and Love shine o'er us,
Make our daily lives divine;
Friend and Brother, gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine!

Thanks for ever, Heavenly Father,
That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
Shines a holy light through Him.

176.

Follow me.

8.5.8.3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress?
 'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming,
 Be at rest.'

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 'In his feet and hands are wound prints,
 And his side.'

Is there crown of royal splendour
 That his brow adorns?
 'Yea, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns.'

If I find him, if I follow,
 What my portion here?
 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan passed.'

If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 'Not till earth and not till heaven,
 Pass away.'

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?

‘ Martyrs, prophets, saints, and sufferers,
Answer “ Yes ! ” ’

Stephen the Sabaite (trans. by J. M. Neale).

177. *The Master's Service.* C.M.

O UR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim, or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

J. G. Whittier.

178.

L.M.

'Not every one that saith unto me Lord.'

IN vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share;
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.

In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share;
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
The living faith that works by love.

In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the cross of Christ we share;
The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.

In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the love of Christ we share;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the Cross, 'Forgive.'

Thomas L. Harris.

179.

The Sand and the Rock. Irregular.

S AVIOUR and Master,
These sayings of thine,
Help me to make them
Doings of mine.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS

Words that like beams
Of humanity shine,
By them let me build up
The holy, divine.

Not on the sand, Lord,
O not on the sand ;
On the rock, on the rock,
Let my heritage stand ;
Beyond the floods raging,
Beyond the rude storm,
Where the rain cannot injure,
Nor lightning deform.

Not on the sand, Lord ;
O not on the sand ;
On the rock, on the rock,
Let my heritage stand ;
Saviour and Master,
These sayings of thine,
Help me to make them
Doings of mine !
E. Paxton Hood.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

180.

Morning Hymn.

L.M.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !

Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken (abridged).

181.

Morning Brightness.

108. irreg.

O MORNING so bright,
So sunny, so sweet,
Thou comest from God
Our spirits to greet ;

The weary heart rises,
It cannot lie still ;
Strange vigour surprises
The care-fettered will.

How can we despair,
Or brood on our wrong ?
How can we be weak,
When all things are strong ?
The morning has smiled,
And our hopes in the sun,
Like the feet of a child,
Cannot move but they run.

With sorrow our ears
Have oft been dismayed,
To sorrow our tears
Some tribute have paid ;
But tears from the sky
Have been all wiped away ;
This latest is bright
As the earliest day.

Dark things that we know
Now shall not distress ;
All grievance and woe
Our God will redress :
No heart that desponds
Desponding need stay ;
Thou breakest our bonds
At the break of the day.

T. T. Lynch.

182.

Daybreak.

7.6.

THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright ;
Praise be to Him who keepeth
His children safe at night.

We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.

But this we know most surely
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do his holy will.

Then, Thou all-loving Father,
Who watchest through the night,
Be Thou all day beside us,
To guide our steps aright ;

And help us to remember,
In thought and deed and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.

Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

183.

Morning Hymn.

7s.

IN the morning I will raise
 To my God the voice of praise;
 With his kind protection blest
 Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
 For his blessing on the day;
 What this day shall be my lot,
 Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast
 Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
 Thou who givest light divine,
 Shine within me, Lord, O shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
 Needed strength to find in Thee,
 And a perfect triumph win
 Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from hidden snares
 And my eyes, O God, from tears,
 Every step thy grace attend,
 And my soul from death defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
 All within shall still be light;
 Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
 Gently as the evening dews.

W. H. Furness.

184.

Light Divine. 7.6.7.6.6.6.7.6.

THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
O hear us ! O hear us !
And give us light divine,
With every needed blessing,
That we may all be thine.

So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As waters fill the sea.
O hear us, etc.

The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done,
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.
O hear us, etc.

Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light.
O hear us, etc.

Till earth becomes God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service
Each happy in his part.
O hear us, etc.

185. *The Glad Sunlight.* 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SOFTLY the glad sunlight
 Steals on our eyes ;
 Slowly the gloom of night
 Fades from the skies ;
 Day has once more begun,
 Duties wait to be done ;
 Evils that we must shun
 Tempt us once more.

Lord we would consecrate
 This day to Thee,
 Safe from an evil fate
 Keep Thou us free,
 May we be ever true
 In all we say or do ;
 All life's long journey through
 Be with us, Lord.

O Father, give us strength
 Victors to be,
 Into thy home at length
 Lead us to Thee !
 Where sin and sorrow cease,
 Where all is joy and peace,
 Where all is holiness,
 Father with Thee.
H. E. Haycock.

186.

Morning.

L.M.

O GOD, who, when the night was deep,
 Hast kept me safe, and lent me sleep,
 Now with thy sun thou bid'st me rise,
 And look around with older eyes.

Each blessed morning Thou dost give,
 I have one morning less to live :
 O help me so this day to spend,
 To make me fitter for the end.

O bid all evil wishes fly,
 The fretful word, and idle eye ;
 Help me to think, in all I do,
 ' God sees me : would He have it so ? '

Be with me when I work and play ;
 Be with me now and every day ;
 Be near me ; when I pray Thee, hear,
 And when I pray not, Lord, be near.

F. T. Palgrave.

187.

Morning.

6.5.D.

FATHER, dearest Father,
 Now the sun has come,
 Bringing light and glory
 From thy heavenly home,
 We, thy little children,
 To thy throne above
 We would hymn thy praises,
 We would sing thy love.

Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong ;
Glad when we do rightly,
Grieved when we do wrong,
Hear us, holy Father,
As to Thee we pray,
Asking Thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

As our Saviour Jesus,
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,
He shall be our copy,
We will try to be.
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as he.

Father God, our Father,
Guide us every hour,
Keep us safe and shield us
From temptation's power.
So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee !
Mark Evans.

188.

Evening Hymn.

L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light !
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings ?

The moments that to waste have run,
 The ills that I this day have done,
 Forgive, that with the world and Thee
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 With joy behold the endless day.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
 Praise Him all creatures here below !
 Praise Him ye heavenly host above !
 Praise Him, my soul ! for all his love.

Thomas Ken.

189.

Evening.

7.7.7.4.

IN the dark and silent night,
 Blessed Lord, be Thou my light,
 So shall nothing me affright.

Hallelujah !

Safely shadowed 'neath thy wing,
Help thy little one to sing
Glory to the heavenly King.

Hallelujah !

All is still ; the evening star
Rides upon its golden car ;
In its light thy glories are.

Hallelujah !

And the moon, whose gentle ray
Glimmers like a softer day,
Seems to whisper, ' Watch and pray.'

Hallelujah !

Softly nested like a dove,
I am happy in thy love,
Angels watch me from above.

Hallelujah !

Angels sing, and so would I,
While upon my bed I lie,
Praise my Father silently.

Hallelujah !

Jane E. Leeson ; vv. 3, 4, 5, S. A. Brooke.

190.

Evensong.

6.5.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, grant the weary
 Calm and sweet repose ;
 With thy tender blessing
 May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee ;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain ;
 Those who plan some evil,
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
 May thine angels spread
 Their bright wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould.

191.

A Child's Prayer.

6s.

MY Father, hear my prayer
 Before I go to rest,
 It is thy little child
 That cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
And let me sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
And try to do thy will,
Much better than before.

Now look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest,
It is thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

L. C. W.

192.

Evening Hymn.

L.M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Father dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy children's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Father's breast.

Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

193. *Evening Prayer.* 8.7.8.7.7.8.8.

DAYLIGHT from the sky hath faded,
Shadows fall on land and sea;
Ere in sleep our eyes are shaded,
Lord, we raise our hearts to Thee.
Take not Thou thy light away!
Fairer than the light of day!
Father, let thy presence cheer us;
Darkness flies when Thou art near us.

Flowers amid the calm of even
Lift their heads refreshed with dew;
Weary hearts look up to heaven,
There to seek their strength anew.

Thus we thirst for Thee, O Lord,
 Let thy grace on us be poured ;
 Cleanse and pardon and restore us,
 Shed thy dew of blessing o'er us.

Babes, their trustful eyelids closing,
 Slumber on their mother's breast ;
 Little birds in peace reposing,
 Under parent wings find rest.
 Whither shall thy children flee,
 Heavenly Father, but to Thee ?
 Thou wilt watch, while in thy keeping
 Calm and peaceful we are sleeping.

194. *'Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in
 safety.'* 7.6.7.6.8.8.

THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be ;
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night !

The toils of day are over :
 I raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night !

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 For Thou alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 O loving Father, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all !
Anatolius (tr. J. M. Neale).

195.

Nightfall.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SOFTLY the silent night
 Falleth from God,
 On weary wanderers
 Over life's road ;
 And as the stars on high,
 Light up the darkening sky,
 Lord, unto Thee we cry,
 Father above !

Slowly on failing wing
 Daylight has passed ;
 Sleep, like an angel kind,
 Folds us at last,

Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumbers light,
Watched by the angels bright,
Father above !

And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise,—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above !

A. N. Blatchford.

196.

Night-silence.

7s.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness : O how still
Is the working of his will !

Mighty Spirit, here am I,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of thought,—
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. Furness.

197. *God bless us all this night.* 7.6.D.

ON weary hearts descending,
Be peace and trust to-night,
May God's abiding spirit
Turn darkness into light !
Though shadows hide the sunbeam,
And man to slumber fall,
The stars shine on to tell us,
The Lord keeps watch o'er all.

And happy be the children
From memories of the day !
May thoughts of heaven's mercy
Chase every fear away !
God keep them all in safety,
Till earth and night be done,
And tender, tireless angels
Defend each little one.

To thee, Lord ! all are children—
The wisest, strongest, best,—
Alike we need thy presence,
Thy pity and thy rest.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS

The children's prayer we offer,
While sinks the day's fair light,
And pray amid the silence,
God bless us all this night !

A. N. Blatchford.

198.

Evening.

7s.

L ORD to thee I lift mine eyes,
Hands and heart I lift to thee :
Let my prayer accepted rise,
Weak, imperfect though it be.

Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love ;
May I do thy will below
As thy will is done above.

When I lay me down at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay ;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

199.

Evening Prayer.

4.4.4.4.4.4.

P RAY, children ! pray,
While night comes on !
Pray God to bless,
In tenderness,
Each weary one !
Pray, children ! pray !

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS

Rest ! calmly rest
In silence all !
For bird and flow'r,
At twilight hour,
To slumber fall.
Rest ! calmly rest !

Dream ! softly dream
Of happy days—
Of blessings sent—
Of life well spent,
To God's high praise !
Dream ! softly dream !

Sleep ! safely sleep,
Without one fear !
For night and day,
In love always,
The Lord is near !
The Lord is near !
Sleep ! safely sleep !
A. N. Blatchford.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS.

200. *Opening Hymn.* 7.6.

O H. bless us, heavenly Father,
While once again we meet,
To seek thy heavenly wisdom,
And bow before thy feet !

Oh, grant us, while we ponder,
The lessons of thy word,
That peace which passeth knowledge
Of those that fear the Lord !

Accept, O heavenly Father,
Our prayers and praises too ;
And may thy spirit guide us
In all that we may do !

201. ‘ *Be glad in the Lord.* ’ 7.6.D.

WE come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring,
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love,
Like streams of bounty flowing
In mercy from above.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father! Thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here!
And though we in our blindness
Enjoy but disobey,
Yet still, Thou in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

Here then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to Thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will, henceforth, for ever
Shall be our only guide!
From duty's path we'd never,
Oh, never turn aside.

202. *'Satisfy us early with thy mercy.'* 7.6.

THE dew of youth still glistening
Upon our trembling feet,
We would, whilst Thou art listening,
Approach thy mercy-seat,
Oh, Father! name endearing,
That name we hallow now;
Thy love our pathway cheering,
Before Thee we would bow.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

May, Lord, thy kingdom reaching
Wide over sea and shore,
Be still thy children teaching
To love Thee evermore ;
And as in heaven the blessed
For ever do thy will,
So be on earth confessed
Thy power and goodness still.

Father ! on Thee relying
For every daily need,
To all our prayers replying,
Thou wilt thy children feed ;
And grant that our transgression
Against thy holy word,
With humble, deep contrition
May gain forgiveness, Lord.

Of heavenly strength the Giver,
Thy help to us impart ;
From trials strong deliver
Our weak and fainting heart.
Lord ! thine be all the power,
The might and majesty,
As in this fleeting hour,
So through eternity.

S. Collinson.

203.

We bring Thee our hearts.

C.M.

WE come in childhood's innocence,
 We come, as children, free;
 We offer up, O God, our hearts
 In trusting love to Thee.

Well may we bend, in solemn joy,
 At thy bright courts above;
 Well may the grateful child rejoice
 In such a Father's love.

In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
 Safe from all midnight harms;
 Not folded in an angel's wings,
 But in a Father's arms.

We come not as the mighty come,
 Not as the proud we bow;
 But as the pure in heart should bend,
 Seek we thine altars now.

204.

A Gladsome Song.

C.M.D.

NOW to our loving Father, God,
 A gladsome song begin;
 His smile is on the world abroad,
 His joy our hearts within.

We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
 To worship Thee aright;
 Our joyfulness for praise receive,
 Thou mak'st our lives so bright!

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

We turn to God a smiling face,
He smiles on us again;
He loves to see our cheerfulness
And hear our gladsome strain.
The pure in heart are always glad;
The smile of God they feel;
He doth the secret of his joy
To blameless hearts reveal.

205.

'Come unto Me.'

7.6.D.

GOD who hath made the daisies,
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing;
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old;
And, if our hearts be humble,
He says to you and me,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

He sees the bird that wingeth
 Its way o'er earth and sky ;
 He hears the lark that singeth
 Up in the heaven so high ;
 He sees the heart's low breathing,
 And says, well pleased to see,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

Therefore, we will come near Him,
 And solemnly we'll sing ;
 No cause to shrink or fear Him ;
 We'll make our voices ring ;
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

E. Paxton Hood.

206.

'Speak, Lord.'

6s.

SPEAK Thou to me, O Lord,
 The living, mighty word ;
 And in thy secret voice
 Shall flesh and heart rejoice.

The Book of books is mine,
 The olden voice divine ;
 Yet all is dumb therein,
 Except Thou speak within.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

The Church enfolds me round ;
Yet there no voice is found ;
'Tis discord all and din,
Except Thou speak within.

Thine is the inward light ;
Yet guides it not aright,
To trust it were to sin,
Except Thou speak within.

Speak Thou to me, O Lord,
In Conscience, Church, and Word,
And more than these can say
I yet shall know one day.

John Ellerton.

207.

The help of the Spirit.

6.5.

HOLY Spirit, hear us ;
Help us while we sing ;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray ;
Nearer come and teach us
What we ought to say.

Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind ;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

Holy Spirit, brighten
 Little deeds of toil;
 And our happy playtime
 Let no anger spoil.

Holy Spirit, help us
 Daily by thy might,
 What is wrong to conquer,
 And to choose the right.

W. H. Parker.

208. *'Thy word is a light unto my path.'* 6s.D.

SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
 True light of men to-day;
 And through the written Word
 Thy very self display;
 That so from hearts that burn
 With gazing on thy face,
 The little ones may learn
 The wonders of thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
 Thy Spirit's holy flame,
 That so with one accord
 Our lips may tell thy name;
 Give Thou the hearing ear,
 Fix Thou the wandering thought,
 That those we teach may hear
 The great things Thou hast wrought.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
 In all we say of Thee,
 According to thy Word
 Let all our teaching be ;
 That so thy lambs may know
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,
 Where'er He leads them go,
 And in his love rejoice.

Live Thou within us Lord,
 Thy mind and will be ours ;
 Be Thou beloved, adored,
 And served with all our powers ;
 That so our lives may teach
 Thy children what Thou art,
 And plead by more than speech,
 For Thee, with every heart.
John Ellerton.

209. *'In spirit and in truth.'* 8.8.7.7.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
 Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
 We are met to worship Thee,
 We are met to worship Thee.

Not in formal adorations,
 Nor with servile deprecations,
 But in spirit true and free,
 We are met to worship Thee.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee :
We are met to worship Thee.

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be ;
We are met to worship Thee.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see ;
We are met to worship Thee.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee ;
We are met to worship Thee.

W. J. Fox.

210.

Vesper Hymn.

8.7.D.

NOW, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound,
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

211. *Evening Peace.* 7s. 6 lines.

NOW to Him who knoweth best,
Bring we all our cares, and rest ;
From our wanderings gathered in ;
From the world, the strife, the sin,
Sweet it is to rest awhile
Safe beneath our Father's smile.
Unto Him who guardeth best,
Bring we all our fears, and rest !
All around us and above
Watcheth his eternal love ;
Love that perfect vigil keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
So to Him who loveth best,
Bring we all our hopes, and rest ;
Greater joys hath He in store
Than our hearts have known before ;
Rest we then in peace and faith,
Safe with Him in life and death.

W. G. Tarrant.

212.

The final blessing.

C.M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
 His blessing to receive ;
 His gift of peace upon us send
 Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road ;
 In silent thought or friendly talk
 Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
 Shall close the day of rest ;
 Be He of every heart the light,
 Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
 His watch He still shall keep,
 Crown with his peace his own blest day,
 And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton.

213.

Parting Hymn.

7.6.D.

THE hours of day are over,
 The evening calls us home :
 Once more to Thee, O Father,
 With thankful hearts we come :

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

For all thy countless blessings
We praise thy holy name,
And own thy love unchanging
Through days and years the same.

For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

Thanks, too, for shame and sorrow
Whene'er we choose the wrong;
For bright and happy spirits
'Mid duty brave and strong:
For him who blessed the children,
And loved both them and Thee,
And told us of the heaven, where
We never thought to be.

Lord! gather all thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come.

John Ellerton.

214.

Closing hymn.

6.5.

FATHER,—God in heaven,
Hear our parting psalm,
Held in thy dear keeping.
We are safe from harm.

Merciful and mighty,
Blessing great and small,
Thou, the loving Father,
Watchest over all.

Myriad worlds above us
By thy hand are led ;
But thy tender mercy
Guards each tiny bed.

Darkness gathering round us,
What may now betide
None can tell ; but ever
Thou art by our side.

What is best we know not ;
Thou alone canst tell ;
But we know that ever
Thou doest all things well.

Father, mother, guarded
By thy ceaseless love,
Thou the children ledest
To thy home above.

John Page Hopps.

215.

Evening hymn.

108.

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from
 shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
 night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

216.

Love is sure.

78.

FATHER! now our prayer is said,
 Lay thy hand upon our head;
 Pleasures pass from day to day,
 But we know that Love will stay.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

While we sleep it will be near;
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

And when things are sad and wrong,
Then we know that Love is strong;
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that Love is deep.

Love is old, and Love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true;
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in his love for us.

W. B. Rands.

217.

The eternal goodness.

7.6.D,

TO Thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live;
Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

William Gaskell.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMNS

218. *Doxology.* L.M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Praise Him ye heavenly host above,
Praise Him my soul, for all his love.

219. *Grace before a meal.* L.M.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These mercies bless and grant that we
For evermore may live to thee.

220. *Grace after a meal.* L.M.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
For all thy gifts are wise and good ;
And may our souls by Thee be fed,
Thy light and love the hallowed bread.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS.

221.

The Everlasting One.

C.M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

Isaac Watts.

222.

The parting of the ways.

7s.

BACKWARD, looking o'er the past,
 Forward, too, with eager gaze,
 Stand we here to-day, O God,
 At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;
 Memories all bright and fair
 Seem to float on spirit-wings
 Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! through all their music sweet,
 Hear you not a voice of cheer ?
 'Tis the voice of hope which sings,
 ' Happy be the coming year ! '

Father, comes that voice from Thee !
 Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
 Good in all thy future stored,
 Fairer than in all the past !

J. W. Chadwick.

223.

New Year Hymn.

7.6.

ANOTHER year is dawning,
 Dear Father, let it be
 In working or in waiting,
 Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
 Upon thy loving breast,
 Of ever deepening trusting,
 Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence 'all the days.'

Another year of service,
Of witness of thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Father, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven
Another year for Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

224.

Another year.

C.M.

ANOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds,
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
 That better is than play,
 Of simple cares, and love that grows
 More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
 And childhood's blessed ways,
 Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
 And poet's tender lays.

Another year at beauty's feast,
 At every moment spread,
 Of silent hours when grow distinct
 The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
 Where better souls have trod ;
 Another year of life's delight,
 Another year of God.

J. W. Chadwick.

225. *New Year's Hymn.* 6s.D.

ANOTHER year is given
 From God, our Father dear,
 A blessed gift of heaven,
 A happy, happy year.
 Father, thy children bless,
 And bless our friends so dear ;
 And may our loving hearts
 Make this a happy year.

May many good deeds done,
 Resolves and prayers sincere,
 And trials sweetly borne,
 Make this a happy year.
 We know that it must bring
 Some sorrow and some care;
 Our trusting hearts will sing,
 A happy, happy year.

226.

Thanks and prayers.

7s. D.

FATHER, now to Thee we raise
 Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
 Let thy blessing on us rest,
 With thy smile may we be blest!
 Thanks to Thee, our Father kind,
 For the truths of heart and mind,
 For the love and watchful care
 That have blessed us through the year.

Father, be our guide in youth,
 Lead us in the paths of truth;
 May we thy true children be—
 Honest, loving, brave and free;
 May we love to do thy will,
 In the world our part fulfil,
 And, as year by year goes by,
 Grow in truth and purity.

Foes, we know, are to be met ;
 Snares the path of life beset ;
 Clouds upon the valley rest,
 Rough and dark the mountain's breast ;
 Therefore, guide us, make us strong,
 Keep us, Lord, from doing wrong,
 And the faults which make us fall,
 Help us, Lord, to conquer all.

227.

The New Year.

L.M.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

228.

New Year's Hymn.

7s.

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day
 Mighty to revive and cheer,
 Bless our yet untrodden way,
 Lead us through the entered year.

Forward, though the path be hid,
 Though we meet the lurking foe,
 Though the sound of war forbid,
 Girt with gladness let us go.

Open Thou, beneath our tread,
 Springs the distance could not show,
 From the holy fountain-head,
 Let them rise where'er we go.

Teach us as we pass along,
 In the shining of thy face,
 Many a sweet thanksgiving song,
 Even in the dreary place.

Strong in thy protecting care,
 Through the desert or the sea,
 Sure to find Thee faithful there,
 On, to reign in life with Thee !
A. L. Waring (abridged).

229.

The New Year.

L.M.

GREAT God, for this glad new year's morn,
 Our hearts would rise in thanks to Thee,
 Grant only that our souls new born,
 May henceforth keep from error free !

O give us grace throughout the year,
 To love and serve Thee as we ought ;
 To all thy just commands give ear,
 Nor fail in word, or deed, or thought.

Could we but feel thy presence near
 And strive to serve Thee day by day,
 Walk with Thee, Lord, throughout the year,
 And keep in wisdom's pleasant way,

Then life would be one constant prayer,
 And all its course with radiance shine,
 Its darkest days made bright and clear,
 Illumined with thy Light divine.

I. M. Wade.

230.

Anniversary Hymn.

L.M.

O LIFE that makest all things new,
 The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,
 Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
 In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
 [From eye to eye the signals run,
 From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
 The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
 One in the joy of paths untrod,
 One in the soul's perennial youth,
 One in the larger thought of God.

The freer step, the fuller breath,
 The wide horizon's grander view,
 The sense of life that knows no death,—
 The Life that maketh all things new!

S. Longfellow.

231.

Anniversary Hymn.

L.M.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
 From year to year in peace we part;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The bosom-joy of every heart.

But time rolls on; and year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away;
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Has hailed the children's festal day.

Death, ere another year, shall strike
 Some in our number marked to fall ;
 Be young and old prepared alike ;
 The warning is to each, to all.

This sole occasion then is ours ;
 This day we ne'er again shall see ;
 Lord, God ! awaken all our powers,
 To spend it for eternity.

Our times, our lives are in thy hand ;
 On Thee for all things we rely ;
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, to gain to die.

Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
 Send children, teachers, in our place ;
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son—from race to race.
James Montgomery.

232.

Anniversary Hymn.

7.6.D.

COME forth, O Christian brothers,
 In ordered fair array ;
 Come forth with strains of gladness
 To greet your festal day !
 Rejoice in God your Saviour,
 Your hearts and voices raise,
 His gates with songs to enter,
 And tread his courts with praise.

Here joined in holy union,
 Assembling year by year,
 With one accord to worship,
 Before Him we appear.
 To Him our gifts we offer,
 To Him our vows we pay;
 The fruits of lips made ready,
 To give Him thanks to-day.

Yet who may venture nigh Thee,
 Or who may touch thine ark?
 O Thou, beside whose pureness
 The heaven of heavens is dark.
 Before thy throne great angels
 With veiled faces bow,—
 Have mercy on the sinful
 Who dare to seek Thee now.

So, kindled from thine altar,
 Prepared and owned by Thee,
 Shall body, soul, and spirit
 A whole burnt offering be.
 So with the eternal anthem
 Our praises shall unite,
 And this our lowly service
 Be pleasing in thy sight.

John Ellerton.

233.

Parting to Meet.

7s.

COMRADES for a little space
 Where the opening life-paths be,
 Here, before the Father's face,
 Make us one, dear Lord, in Thee.

From the holy land unseen,
 Now the heavenly voices call ;
 Speaking, where no sound hath been,
 Sweetest promise-word to all.

In the silence of the soul,
 Where can come no outward word,
 Where good thoughts can make us whole,
 There the wondrous voice is heard.

If we long for light of day,
 God will make the midnight bright :
 In the dreariest, darkest way,
 Love can guide the soul aright.

In the dark, dear Lord, are we ;
 Be our Guide, our Friend, our Stay :
 Hold us with the thought of Thee ;
 Keep us to the perfect day.

Comrades for a little space,
 Parting days are coming fast :
 But once more, from every place,
 God will call us home at last.

John Page Hopps.

234. *Anniversary Hymn.* 10.4.10.4.10.10.

LORD of our life ! whose love, from year to
 year,
 Lights up our way ;
 Speak to our heart, and tell us Thou art near
 In childhood's day :
 And though, like rainbow tints, bright hours
 may fly,
 Thy care, thy pow'r, thy truth can never die !
 How many blessings has thy constant care
 Around us cast !
 No bliss, no grief, but Thou wert with us there
 From first to last ;
 For health, and home, and friends, and wisdom's
 store,
 For all, O Lord ! thy goodness we adore.
 Thou hast been with us, Father ! all our life,
 Though we forgot ;
 Still in the days of manly toil and strife
 Forsake us not !
 O ! give us strength thy holy will to do,
 And stand to faith and duty bravely true !
 Lord hear the prayer, so often prayed before,
 That we may know
 The debt of love to Christ, who came of yore,
 Thy children owe ;
 Him would we follow whatsoe'er betide,
 And gladly trust our faithful Shepherd-guide.

Lord of our life ! how bright, how full, how clear
 Thy mercies shine !
 Keep in thy love so constant, and so dear,
 Our lives all Thine !
 And be that love that lights our morning prime
 Proclaimed no less in life's soft vesper chime !
A. N. Blatchford.

235.

God in the World.

7.6.D.

WITH happy voices ringing,
 Thy children, Lord, appear ;
 Their joyous praises bringing
 In anthems sweet and clear.
 For skies of golden splendour,
 For azure rolling sea,
 For blossoms sweet and tender,
 O Lord, we worship Thee.

What though no eye beholds Thee,
 No hand thy hand may feel,
 Thy universe unfolds Thee,
 Thy starry heavens reveal.
 The earth and all its glory,
 Our homes and all we love,
 Tell forth the wondrous story
 Of One who reigns above.

And shall we not adore Thee
 With more than joyous song,
 And live in truth before Thee,
 All beautiful and strong ?
 Lord, bless our souls' endeavour
 Thy servants true to be,
 And through all life, for ever,
 To live our praise to Thee.

W. G. Tarrant.

236.

Nature's Book.

C.M.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts ;
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us, and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
 In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
 It steals in silence down ;
 But where it lights, the favour'd place
 By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours, 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within
 Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble (abridged).

237. *The Maker of Heaven and Earth.* 7.6.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,—
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colours,
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The sunset and the morning
 That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

238. *A Hymn of Beauty.* 7s. 6 lines.

GOD of Beauty, thou hast spread
Beauty round us everywhere;
Not alone by daily bread

Live we, but by all things fair.
Father, Thou dost call the least
Of thy children to the feast.

When on us thy sun doth shine,
Fill our souls with heavenly light,
When descends the night divine
And the stars are brimming bright,
As the stars, oh, let us be
Faithful ministers of Thee.

Waves the wind among the trees:
Let thy spirit on us blow;
We would feel the heavenly breeze,
Which our hearts rejoice to know,
Is thy quickening, healing breath,
And preserves our souls from death.

In the hedgerows, countless flowers
 Through the summer bud and bloom,
 Glorifying all the hours,
 With their colour and perfume.
 Lord, we would delight thine eyes,
 Make us flowers of Paradise.

Beauty glows where'er we look ;
 All around, below, above,
 In the world's great open book
 Every page says ' God is love.'
 Heavenly Father, we would be
 Worthy of thy world and Thee.

As thy beauty clasps us round
 Make us beautiful within ;
 May our hearts and lives be found
 Free from folly, pride, and sin.
 Then thy stars and fields and flowers
 Will indeed be truly ours.

James Ashcroft Noble.

239. *The Flower Offerings.* 7.6.D.

FROM meadows bright with blossom,
 From gardens rich with bloom
 We bring, dear Lord, our offerings,
 To cheer the sick one's room.
 We have no costly riches,
 No gold, or wealth, or fame,
 But what we have we offer
 In our Master's name.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

Dear Father, take these offerings,
Accept our simple flowers ;
Thou makest all things serve Thee,
Give these thy healing powers.
We have no costly riches, etc.

In heaven there are gardens
Fairer than all things here ;
These flowers are but the shadows
Of what awaits us there.
We have no costly riches, etc.

We know that every infant
Is dear to Thee, O Lord,
And Thou dost love all children
Who meekly keep thy word.
We have no costly riches, etc.

But most of all Thou lovest
The little ones laid low,
And so for them we gather
The sweetest flowers that grow.
We have no costly riches, etc.

The fairest graves are children's,
Heaven's courts are all their own ;
For they are ever nearest
To God, the Father's throne.
We have no costly riches, etc.
A. G. W. Blunt.

240.

Flower Service.

7.6.

COME forth and bring your garlands
Come forth with praise and song!
Enwreath the altars with your flowers,
And to the temples throng!
For 'tis the glorious summer,
A time for gladsome praise.
When all who love earth's beauty,
May join our festal lays.

Oh! what so sweet as summer,
When all the sky is blue,
And when the sunbeam's arrows
Pierce all the green earth through!
And what so sweet as flowers,
The blossoms white and red,
Where troops of bright-winged insects
Secure their daily bread.

How sweet the feathered songsters
That echo in their trills,
The music of the summer winds,
The murmur of the rills!
And all these sights and voices,
In garden, field, and grove,
Make earth arrayed in beauty,
A type of God's own love.

241.

Goodness never dies.

C.M.

SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 Bridal of earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet Rose ! in air whose odours wave,
 And colour charms the eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie,
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 Thou too, alas ! must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul
 Hath tints that never fly :
 While flowers decay and seasons roll,
 It lives, and cannot die.

George Herbert (altered).

242.

Rose and Lily.

C.M.

THE rose is queen among the flowers,
 None other is so fair ;
 The lily nodding on her stem,
 With fragrance fills the air.
 But sweeter than the lily's breath,
 And than the rose more fair,
 The tender love of human hearts
 That springeth everywhere.

The rose will fade and fall away,
 The lily too will die;
 But love shall live for evermore,
 Beyond the starry sky.
 Then sweeter than the lily's breath,
 And than the rose more fair,
 The tender love of human hearts
 Upspringing everywhere.

F. L. Hosmer.

243.

Flower Service.

11.10.

HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from
 the field,
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
 Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have
 sickened,
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
 Give of thy grace to the souls Thou hast
 quickened,
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must
wither ;

We, like these blossoms, must fade and must
die ;

Gather us, Lord, to thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in thy house in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

244.

7s.

LITTLE modest violet blue,
Spangled o'er with morning dew,
Laughing in the sportive air,
God has made thy leaves so fair.
Little lambs that skip and play
In the meadows fresh and gay,
God protects you by his care ;
He has made you bright and fair.

Little star with twinkling eye,
God has placed thee in the sky.
Little bird, with golden wing,
God has taught thee how to sing.
Little clouds that lightly rest
On the bosom of the west,
Floating in the summer air,
God has made your form so fair.

Little merry, laughing child,
 Ever playful, ever wild,
 Full of gladness, full of love,
 God has made thee, God above ;
 He thy happy spirit keeps,
 For He never, never sleeps ;
 When thy life on earth is past,
 He will take thee home at last.

Fanny J. Crosby.

245.

Birds and Flowers.

7.6.

I HEARD the robin singing,
 His happy morning song ;
 I saw his help-meet bringing
 Their breakfast to the young ;
 And to me came a whisper,
 In winds that fanned the tree,
 If God for these so careth,
 Will He not care for thee ?

I saw the roses growing
 In beauty day by day ;
 No queen in all her glory
 So lovely in array :
 And on their leaves were written
 Sweet words of trust for me,
 If God so clothes the roses,
 Will He not care for thee ?

I thank Thee, O my Father,
 That, 'mid life's toil and dust,
 The birds and flowers can bring me
 Such heavenly hope and trust;
 Quickened by faith they whisper
 The Master's word to me :
 If God for these so careth,
 Will He not care for thee?

Wm. Newell.

246.

In the flower and in the man.

7.6.

HE hides within the lily,
 A strong and tender care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air ;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With Him who bent the knee,
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee ;
 And still the worship deepens
 And quickens into new,
 As, brightening down the ages,
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the Man !
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan ;
 The flower-horizons open,
 The blossom vaster shows,
 We hear thy wide world's echo,—
 ' See how the lily grows.'

Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding, thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought ;
 The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all !
W. C. Gannett.

247.

Flower Service.

7.6. D.

COME, children, bring your offerings
 Of blossoms sweet and fair,
 And lay them on his altar
 Who loves to see them there.
 Then send them where the shadows
 Of suffering deepest lie,
 To tell the love unfailing
 Of Him who reigns on high.

O! lift your happy voices
 To God in grateful praise,
 Who crowns the earth with beauty
 In these bright summer days.
 With buttercup and sorrel
 The meadows richly glow ;
 In shady glen and woodland
 The ferns and mosses grow.

Wild rose and honeysuckle
 In every hedgerow twine ;
 Where quiet streams are flowing
 The water lilies shine.
 The garden walks are fragrant
 With roses white and red,
 Sweet pinks and stately lilies
 Around their perfume shed.

With golden furze and heather
 The distant moorland glows,
 And purple gentians garland
 The verge of Alpine snows ;
 Soft grass and daisies cluster
 On e'en the lowliest grave,
 And green and crimson sea-weeds
 In depths of ocean wave.

Thy hand, our loving Father,
 Hath made the earth so fair ;
 But richer joys and purer
 Thou dost for us prepare.

Where flows the crystal river
 By life's unfading tree,
 For ever in thy presence
 Our home of rest shall be.

E. M. Ollerenshaw.

248.

'Consider the lilies.'

6.5. D.

HARK ! the lilies whisper
 Tenderly and low,
 'In our grace and beauty
 See how fair we grow.'
 Hark ! the roses speaking,
 Telling all abroad
 Their sweet, wondrous story,
 Of the love of God.

And if toil and trouble
 Be our lot below,
 Think upon the lilies,
 See how fair they grow.
 Flowers of field and garden—
 All their voices blend ;
 And their Maker's praises
 To our souls commend.

249.

Flower, Bird, Child.

7.6. D.

I KNOW who makes the daisies,
 And paints them starry bright ;
 I know who clothes the lilies,
 So sweet and soft and white :

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

And surely needful raiment
He will for me provide,
Who know Him as my Father,
And in his love confide.

I know who feeds the sparrow,
And robin red and gay;
I know who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day;
And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said.

The daisy and the lily
Obey Him all they can;
The robin and the skylark
Fulfil his perfect plan;
And I, to whom are given
A heart, and mind and will,
Must try to serve Him better,
And all his laws fulfil.

The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die;
But I shall live for ever
Above the bright blue sky;
Dear Father, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
Until in heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee, and adore.

Newman Hall.

250.

The Tribute of Nature.

6.5.

SEE the shining dewdrops
 On the flowers strewed,
 Proving as they sparkle,
 'God is ever good.'

See the morning sunbeams
 Lighting up the wood,
 Silently proclaiming,
 'God is ever good.'

Hear the mountain streamlet
 In the solitude,
 With its ripple, saying,
 'God is ever good.'

In the leafy tree tops,
 Where no fears intrude,
 Merry birds are singing,
 'God is ever good.'

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
 Songs of gratitude,—
 While all nature utters,
 'God is ever good.'

251.

God in the Seasons.

C.M.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost and fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts.

252.

7.6.D.

COME, sing with holy gladness,
High hallelujahs sing :
Lift up your hearts and voices
With new-awakened spring.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

Sing, youths and gentle maidens,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children,
In sweet according lay.

The time of resurrection !
Earth sings it all abroad ;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
The sign of life eternal
Is writ on earth and sky,
The hope for ever vernal,
Of life the victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
The seas their bright waves swell ;
Let the round world keep triumph
With all that therein dwell ;
Now let the seen and unseen
In one glad anthem blend ;
Let all our hearts be risen
To life that hath no end.

J. J. Daniell.

253.

Spring Thoughts.

6s.D.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;

The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 O, note the varying signs
 Of earth, and air, and sky;
 The God of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's king,
 He comes the true heart's friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end;
 He comes to fill with light
 The weary, waiting eye;
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

254.

Spring Life.

C.M. D.

THERE'S life abroad—from each green tree
 A busy murmur swells ;
 The bee is up at early dawn
 Stirring the cowslip-bells.
 There's motion in the lightest leaf
 That trembles on the stream ;
 The insect scarce an instant rests,
 Light dancing in the beam.

There's life abroad—the silvery threads
 That float about in air
 Where'er their wanton flight they take,
 Proclaim that life is there.
 And bubbles on the quiet lake,
 And forest music sweet,
 And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
 The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life, and louder still
 The spirit speaks within,
 O'erpowering with its strong, deep voice
 The world's incessant din.
 There's life without—and better far,
 Within there's life and power,
 And liberty of heart and mind
 To love, believe, adore.

Emily Taylor.

255.

Let us be glad. 6.4,6.4.6.6.4.

SPRINGTIME has come again,
 Glad let us be !
 Birds voice their hymn of praise
 O'er wood and lea':
 Flowers bud and burst in bloom,
 Gone is the winter's gloom,
 Glad let us be !

Springtime has come again,
 Glad let us be !
 Clear streams the sunny light
 O'er land and sea.
 Nature proclaims anew,—
 God's love is ever true,
 Boundless and free !

Children in this bright time
 Let us rejoice !
 Praise God for all his gifts,
 Make Him our choice ;
 Join Nature's gleeful song—
 Hearty and pure and strong
 Lift up your voice.

Children ; in human life,
 Springtime is ours ;
 God's joy and truth and love
 Fill all its hours ;

Then let us make our youth
 Rich with the fruits of truth,
 Bright with love's flowers.

J. Crossley.

256.

Springtime. 7s.

WINTER'S days of gloom are past ;
 Happier hours are come at last ;
 Flowers and blossoms brightly spring
 Birds amidst the branches sing.

O, how great the love and power,
 Which protecteth bird and flower ;
 At the time appointed, still
 Bidding each its station fill.

Birds—they do not understand—
 We will own thy guiding hand
 Which hath led our youthful way
 Safe to this rejoicing day.

As with melody and song
 Joyously we pass along,
 Let our hearts with rapture swell
 All our Father's love to tell.

There are brighter paths than these,
 Ways of sacred pleasantness—
 Pastures ever green and fair ;
 Are our spirits travelling there ?

Thorns may sometimes strew our road,
 Yet it leadeth on to God;
 Let us go a pilgrim band
 To that bright and happy land.

257.

Springtime.

13.13.14.14.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint
 the laughing soil,
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
 mower's toil,
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
 and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her
 Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that
 love the shade,
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
 drowsy glade;
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
 his way,
 The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in
 silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
 sky,—
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
 No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons
 cease to be,
 Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator,
 honour Thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
the shade,
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget
their old decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will
cling to Thee.

Reginald Heber.

258. *The sowing.* 9.9.9.9.10.10.9.8.

SOWING the seed by the dawnlight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,—
Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in a fertile soil,—
Sown, &c.

Sowing their seed with a careful hand,
Sowing their seed in a fruitful land,
Sowing in faith till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home.
Sown, &c.

P. Bliss.

259.

The sweet bright days.

C.M.

THE sweet bright days are come again,
 With sun and clouds between;
 And fed alike by sun and rain,
 The trees grow broad and green.
 Spreads broad and green the leafy tent
 Upon whose grassy floor,
 Our feet, too long in cities pent,
 Their freedom find once more.

The sweet bright days are come again;
 Once more the glad earth yields
 Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
 And breath of clover fields,
 And deepening shade of summer woods,
 And glow of summer air,
 And winging thoughts and happy moods,
 Of love and joy and prayer.

The sweet bright days are come again;
 The birds are on the wing,—
 God's praises in their loving strain,
 Unconsciously they sing.
 We know who giveth all our good;
 And 'neath the arches dim,
 And ancient pillars of the wood,
 We lift our grateful hymn.

James Broadhurst.

260.

Springtime.

12s.

ALL glory be to God, from whom all good
proceeds!

He sends the gentle showers that wake the sleep-
ing seeds,

He decks the fields with flowers, the wayside
paths with gems,

And robes with golden sunlight the pine trees'
lofty stems.

O God, light up our pathway, thy glory round us
shed,

And stir with fruitful impulse our hearts so cold
and dead,

May we like springtide flowers, the earliest to
appear,

Be quick to feel thy influence, the first to feel
Thee near.

Make us each like a garden, so safely walled
around,

That noxious weeds or briars, may never more
be found,

But only fruits so wholesome, and flowers so
sweet and fair,

May spring as grateful incense, responsive to thy
care.

I. M. Wade.

261.

Summer beauty.

7.6.8.6.8.8.

THE heavens are blue above us,
 And soft the summer air ;
 In fields and gardens, fruits and flowers
 Are fragrant now and fair ;
 And meadows, woods, and streams are rife
 With various beauty, happy life.

From mountain, plain, and valley
 All nature's voices rise
 To thy great temple, Lord, and blend
 With holier harmonies ;
 The songs of angels who on high
 Behold thy works on earth and sky.

Yet he for whom thy bounty,
 Hath earth so brightly dressed,
 Too often treads her flowery ways
 Unblessing and unblest ;
 Thy noblest work, Almighty King,
 Is silent whilst all others sing.

O Lord, forgive our coldness ;
 Our best affections raise,
 Till we, yet more than meaner things,
 Abound in songs of praise ;
 Let every heart delight to swell
 The anthems which thy goodness tell.

262.

Summer fulness.

P.M.

THE days are gliding swiftly by,
 The days so bright and golden,
 In leaf and flower the summer writes
 Her poem sweet and olden.
 The golden days, the long bright days
 The gladdest of the year !
 The green grass springs, the wild bird
 sings,
 The summer-time is here.

The earth is warm with life and joy,
 The air is full of splendour,
 And unto all the south wind brings
 Her message sweet and tender.
 The golden days, etc.

O giver of these summer hours,
 All nature gives Thee praises,
 From mountain peak to where the flower
 Its lowly bloom upraises.
 The golden days, etc.

And at thy feet we too would sing
 With all thy creatures living,
 A song of mirth, a song of joy,
 A song of glad thanksgiving.
 The golden days, etc.
E. H. Leland.

263.

Summer hymn.

C.M.

SWEET flowers are blooming in God's sight,
 Created by his word,
 Beneath his heaven of sunny light,
 By spring's quick pulses stirred.

In the blue skies the skylarks sing,
 Their music fills the air;
 What is it makes their voices ring
 With gladness everywhere?

It is the love of God, I know
 His world with joy doth fill;
 His birds that sing, his flowers that blow,
 Each of them does his will.

If He is glad when small birds sing,
 And flowers drink up the dew,
 Can I, his child, do anything
 To bring Him service too?

I am not wise, nor great, nor strong,
 But I his will may do;
 May love and serve Him all day long,
 Be gentle, kind, and true.

And if to birds and flowers his smile
 Of love and joy be given,
 His child shall serve Him all the while,
 And find that love in heaven.

M. B. Stevenson.

264.

Summer joy.

6.5.

SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free;
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.
 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled;
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour,
 For thy loving-kindness,
 Make us love Thee more;
 And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil thy light;
 Life is dark without Thee;
 Death with Thee is bright.

Light of light ! shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

W. W. How.

265.

An Autumn Song.

7s.

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
 Drop by drop the springs run dry,
 One by one, beyond recall
 Summer roses droop and die.
 But the roses bloom again,
 And the spring will gush anew
 In the pleasant April rain,
 And the summer sun and dew.
 Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
 Drop by drop the springs run dry,
 One by one, beyond recall
 Summer roses droop and die.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,
 When the springs of gladness fail
 And the roses in their bloom
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,
 We shall find some hope that lies
 Like a silent bud apart,
 Hidden far from careless eyes
 In the garden of the heart.
 Leaf by leaf, etc.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
 That will spring afresh and new,
 When grief's winter shall have fled,
 Giving place to sun and dew;
 Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
 Through the weary, weary time,
 Budding for its blossoming
 In the spirits' silent clime.

Leaf by leaf, etc.

266.

Autumn.

7.6.

THE year is swiftly waning;
 The summer days are past;
 And life, brief life, is speeding;
 The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
 In silence come and go;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time nor change canst know.

Oh! pour Thy Grace upon us,
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold, the bending orchards
 With bounteous fruit are crowned;
 Lord, in our hearts more richly
 Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh! by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy Name may hallow,
And see at last thy Face.

W. W. How.

267.

Autumn.

S.M.D.

THE sere leaf flickers down
O'er gardens in decay;
For leafy robe and flowery crown
Must both be put away;
The summer says farewell,
With hushed and tender tone;
Fear not, the buds again will swell,
The blossoms be thine own.
The incense in the smoke
While offerings burnt away,
Of God's abiding favour spoke;
So now in this decay,
The thoughts of holy rest,
While summers disappear,
Diffuse around the fragrance blest
Of God's eternal year.
In what a tender light
Do summers fade and die,
As if their spirit took its flight
In tranquil ecstasy!

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

I will not mourn the signs
Of death so sweetly calm ;
Immortal hope, that round me shines,
Brings every grief a balm.

I'll blossom and bear fruit
While glowing summers last ;
And still the murmurings confute
That say, ' The joys are past !'
My joy is yet to come ;
For through the sombre gates
Of dark decay, we reach the home
Where life undying waits.
T. T. Lynch.

268. *Harvest Service.* 7.6.D.6.6.8.4.

WE plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the ev'ning star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us, etc.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer,
 For all thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us, etc.
Matthias Claudius (trans.)

269.

Harvest Thoughts.

76..

O LORD, Thou art not fickle ;
 Our hope is not in vain ;
 The harvest for the sickle
 Will ripen yet again.

But though enough be given
 For all the world to eat,
 Sin with thy love has striven
 Its bounty to defeat.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.

On none for idle wasting,
Would honest labour frown ;
And none to riches hasting,
Would tread his neighbour down.

No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare ;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.

For blessings on our labour,
O, then, in hope we pray,
When love unto our neighbour
Is ripening every day.
T. T. Lynch.

270.

Harvest Praise.

9.8.9.8.

NOW sing we a song for the harvest
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,—
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold !

We reap it on mountain and moorland ;
We glean it from meadow and lea ;
We garner it in from the cloudland ;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,—
Of harvests that eye cannot see ;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's-blood are ruddy,—
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise !

W. C. Gannett.

271.

Thanksgiving.

7.7.8.8.6.

GLAD thanksgiving to the Lord
 Be by every heart outpoured !
 Lord of life and light and beauty,
 Lord of truth and love and duty,
 Gracious God ! we praise Thee !

Heavens and earth in beauty drest,
 Might and mercy manifest ;
 Starlight gloom and noontide glory,
 Glowing summer, winter hoary,—
 Lord, for these we praise Thee !

Happy birds in wood and sky
 Filling air with melody,
 Dew soft falling, winds soft blowing,
 Rainbow gleam, and streamlet flowing,—
 Lord, for these we praise Thee !

Hero heart that chooses loss ;
 Patient love that bears its cross ;
 Faithful labour, children's gladness,
 Sinner's tears of contrite sadness,—
 Lord, for these we praise Thee !

Not thy creatures only—we !
 Children too we claim to be ;
 Bless our praises, bless our praying,
 Keep us safe from sin and straying,
 Keep us, Heavenly Father !

Edith Gittins.

272.

The year's praise.

7s.

PRAISE to God and thanksgiving !
 Hearts bow down, and voices sing
 Praises to the Glorious One,
 All his year of wonder done.

Praise Him for his budding green,
 April's resurrection scene :
 Praise Him for his shining hours,
 Filling all the land with flowers.

Praise Him for his summer rain,
 Feeding, day and night, the grain ;
 Praise Him for his tiny seed,
 Holding all his world shall need.

Praise Him for his garden root,
 Meadow grass, and autumn fruit ;
 Praise for hills and valleys broad
 Each a table of the Lord.

Praise Him now, for snowy rest,
 Falling soft on Nature's breast :
 Praise for happy dreams of birth
 Brooding in the quiet earth.

For his year of wonder done
 Praise to the All-Glorious One !
 Hearts bow down, and voices sing
 Praise, and love, and thanksgiving !

W. C. Gannett.

273.

Harvest Hymn.

7s.D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come
Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home ;
From his fields shall purge one day
All offences clean away ;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire all tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, may we come
 To thy final harvest home !
 Gather Thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide !
 Come, with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest home.

Henry Alford.

274.

Seed-time and harvest.

I IS.

HOLY is the seed-time, when the buried
 grain
 Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again ;
 Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn,
 Bursting from its prison, riseth like the morn.

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
 Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year ;
 Store them in our garner, winnow them with
 care ;
 Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

Holy seed the Master soweth in his field ;
 Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield ;
 Holy aims and efforts springing from their clay,
 Fuller, stronger, riper, growing day by day.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

Glory be to God from whom all good proceeds,
Knowing well our wants, he will supply our needs,
The teeming earth will still give us of her increase ;
Then glory be to Him whose mercies never cease.

Margaret A. Headlam

(3rd & 4th verses altered).

275.

Harvest Song.

7.6. D.

COME, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to-day,
As to the Lord of harvest

Our grateful vows we pay.
We thank Thee, Lord, for sending
The gentle showers of rain,
For summer suns which ripened
The fields of golden grain.

Come, children, lift your voices
And sing with us to-day,
As to the Lord of harvest
Our grateful vows we pay.

Come, join our glad procession,
As onward still we move,
Rejoicing in the tokens
Of God, our Father's love.

All good is his creation,
And beautiful and fair ;
Birds, insects, beasts, and fishes,
Our harvest gladness share.

Come, children, &c.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

May we by holy living
Thy praises echo forth
And tell thy boundless mercies
To all the listening earth ;
May we grow up as branches
In Christ the one true vine,
Bear fruit to life eternal,
And be for ever Thine.

Come, children, &c.

Claudia F. Hernaman.

276.

Autumn sowing.

8.9.9.7.9.7.

UNDER the dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
By the sower pacing wearily,
The seed on the land is cast ;
And in the furrow the grain doth lie,
Till the wintry months be past.

Sown in cold, dark, desolate days,
But reaped in the sunshine's mellowed haze,
E'en thus in the deep and wondrous ways
Of God, are the lives of men,—
Sorrow and loss, defeats and delays,
Like storms that mature the grain.

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

That which was sown in wintry air
Shall bloom and ripen when skies are fair,
Though there shall often be anxious care
Ere harvests be gathered in.
So be strong to do, and brave to bear,
The true heart shall surely win.

Robert Collyer.

277.

Winter.

L.M.

'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer grows her light within.

O God! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days!

Samuel Longfellow.

278.

Winter.

7s.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 Freezing with its icy breath;
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
 All is chill and drear as death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
 Since the summer's flowers were here;
 Since they stacked the golden hay;
 Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone;
 So the years go, speeding fast,
 Onward ever, each new one
 Swifter speeding than the last.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all Nature rising, break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.

W. W. How.

279.

A hymn of the Seasons.

7.6.

L ORD of the silent winter,—
 Beneath whose skies of gray,
 The frost-bound fields lie cheerless
 But wait a brighter day;
 If human hearts are dreary,
 By mists of sorrow chilled,
 Give patience to the weary,
 Till they with peace be filled!

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And length'ning days of beauty
Renew the softened year,
Breathe on our hearts in blessing;
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul!

Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky,
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When orchards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door,
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth!

Lord of the changing seasons!
Lord of our passing days!
Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise:

That hearts of wintry sadness
 May feel the breath of spring,
 And summer's time of gladness
 The autumn glories bring!

Dendy Agate.

280. ' *Who sitteth on the circle of the heavens.*'

6.6.6.6.8.8.

REJOICE! the Lord is King,
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

His wintry north-winds blow,
 Loud tempests rush amain,
 Yet his thick showers of snow
 Defend the infant grain;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

He wakes the genial spring,
 Perfumes the balmy air;
 The vales their tribute bring,
 The promise of the year;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

HYMNS OF TIMES AND SEASONS

He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn ;
O happy mortals, raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

John Taylor.

SONGS AND HYMNS
FOR
BANDS OF MERCY, AND BANDS OF
HOPE.

281.

Cheerily Singing.

P.M.

SING, let us sing, with a right good will !
Cheerily, cheerily singing !
Helping the world with joy to fill,
With pleasant voices ringing.
Sing, let us sing, with a right good will !
Kindly feelings bringing
Love and goodness round us still,
While old time is winging.

Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind !
Earnestly, earnestly working !
Trying our best to help mankind,
Our duty never shirking.
Work, let us work, with a steadfast mind !
Hardships may be lurking
In the future ; we must find
The strength that comes from working.

Love, let us love, with a fervent heart !
Tenderly, tenderly loving !
So we'll take our humble part
In needless ills removing.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Love, let us love, with a fervent heart !

Ever, ever proving

How gentleness may heal the smart

That's past all other moving.

Live, let us live, with the noblest aim !

Patiently, patiently learning,

With lofty thought to keep the flame

Of high endeavour burning.

Live, let us live, with the noblest aim !

Selfishness still spurning,

Till we can see that sin and shame

To love and peace are turning.

E. J. Troup.

282.

The Builders.

7s.

ALL are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

H. W. Longfellow.

283.

' We would be.'

7s.

FRAIL and youthful as we are,
 We would be like yonder star :
 Shining always pure and bright,
 Evermore a source of light.

We would be like laden trees
 Bearing plenteous fruits that please—
 Fruits of kindness, winsome, rare,
 Fruits of love without compare.

We would be like scent of flowers—
 Making sweet this world of ours :
 With the fragrance of our deeds
 Satisfying human needs.

We would be like streamlets clear—
 Murmuring songs of health and cheer,
 Active, pure, and innocent,
 Free from harm or ill-intent.

We would be like larks in spring
 When the fields are blossoming,
 Sing enraptured as we rise,
 Gaze on earth with tender eyes.

Gustav Spiller.

284.

Perseverance.

C.M.

IF anything seems hard to do,
 We should not fret or cry;
 But, looking difficulties through,
 With cheerful effort try.

The best and bravest may despair,
 Life's perils to defy,
 And all its many ills to bear;
 But they will nobly try.

And so a young and timid heart,
 As time is passing by,
 May act the good and holy part,
 If it will really try, --

Always and only in the might,
 That comes from God on high.
 He helps to do and be the right,
 All who sincerely try.

H. Bateman.

285.

Heart and Head.

7s.

OH! how skilful grows the hand
 That obeyeth love's command.
 'Tis the heart and not the brain
 To the highest doth attain.

He that followeth love's behest
 Far exceedeth all the rest—
 Ah! how skilful grows the hand
 That obeyeth love's command.

H. W. Longfellow.

286.

Peace on Earth. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

NOT with the flashing steel,
 Not with the cannon's peal,
 Or stir of drum ;
 But in the bonds of love
 Our white flag floats above,
 Her emblem is the dove,
 'Tis thus we come.

What is that great intent
 On which each heart is bent
 Our hosts among ?
 It is that hate may die,
 That war's red curse may fly,
 And war's high praise for aye
 No more be sung.

A. J. Davis.

287.

The Forerunners.

7s. D.

NOW let grateful praises ring
 To the heroes of the past ;
 With our heart and voice we sing,
 As the visions gather fast,
 Of the men who thought and wrought,
 And the women who, 'mid strife,
 Hope and inspiration brought
 To the work of daily life.

They are gone ; their names unknown
 No fair marble shrines display ;
 But the seed that they have sown
 Bears the harvest of to-day.
 Ever rising from the grave,
 Fruits of long-forgotten deeds
 Of the loving and the brave
 Minister unto our needs.

Let us, then, our lives employ
 In the works of righteousness ;
 We may no rewards enjoy,
 No fair words our work may bless :
 Though the world may crucify,
 And our hopes be crushed and slain,
 Howsoever deep they lie,
 Our good deeds will rise again.

F. W. Bockett.

288.

The Beautiful.

P.M.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
 It matters little if dark or fair—
 Whole soul honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
 Like crystal-panes, where heart-fires glow,
 Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
 Leap from the heart like song of birds,
 Yet whose speech with truth accords.

Beautiful hands are those that do
 Work that is earnest and brave and true,
 Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless ;
 Silent rivers of happiness,
 Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.
Ella P. Allerton.

289. *Pilgrims and Soldiers.* 7.6.D.

(*Girls*) A BAND of maiden pilgrims,
 We stand before Thee, Lord,
 For life's great journey seeking
 The guidance of thy word.
 The lamp of wisdom lend us,
 To light our darksome way ;
 With holy love inspire us,
 Thy summons to obey.
 In paths of peace our footsteps
 'Mid fear and peril guide ;
 Nor let the tempter lure us,
 From heaven's own way aside.
 O God of our salvation,
 Our weakness clothe with might,
 And lead us ever onward,
 To love and do the right.

(*Boys*) A band of youthful soldiers,
 We stand before Thee, Lord,
 For life's great warfare seeking
 The armour of thy word.

SONGS AND HYMNS

The Spirit's sharp sword lend us,
The false and wrong to slay ;
With holy courage nerve us,
As soldiers to obey.
With righteousness our breastplate,
And faith our glittering shield,
And hope our helmet, call us,
Truth-girt into the field.
O God of our salvation,
Forth lead us to the fight,
Make Thou our arm victorious
In battle for the right.

(Together) As pilgrims and as soldiers,
Our banner high unfurled,
We march along undaunted,
Amid an evil world.
In every sudden danger
Thy presence is our stay ;
Our watchword, ' God our Father,'
We forward wend our way.
The foe may frown around us,
In Thee our hearts are strong ;
To Thee our Lord and helper
We sing our joyous song.
O God of our salvation,
Bring us to heaven's own light :
Triumphant o'er temptation,
Victorious for the right.
T. Goadby.

290.

The Praise of Love.

7s.D.

LET us sing the praise of Love,
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Bringing on its blessed wings
 Life to all created things.
 Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
 Sorrow lifts its drooping head ;
 And the tears of grief that start,
 Turn to sunshine in the heart.

Let us sing the praise of Love,
 Fairest of all things above ;
 How its blessed sunshine lies
 In the light of loving eyes !
 And when words are all too weak,
 How its deeds of mercy speak !
 They who learn to love aright
 Pass from darkness into light.

Let us sing the praise of Love,
 Everywhere, around, above,
 Watching with its starry eyes
 From the blue of boundless skies ;
 Heeding when the lowly call,
 Mindful of a sparrow's fall ;
 Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
 ' God is love, and Love is God.'

A. J. Davis.

291.

The Voyagers.

8.7.D.

WE are sailing o'er an ocean,
 To a far and foreign shore ;
 And the waves are dashing round us,
 And we hear the breakers roar ;
 But we look above the billows,
 In the darkness of the night,
 And we see the steady gleaming
 Of our changeless beacon light.
 Oh, the light is flashing brightly
 From a calm and stormless shore,
 Where we hope to cast our anchor,
 When our voyaging is o'er.

Though the skies are dark above us,
 And the waves are dashing high,
 Let us look toward the beacon ;
 We shall reach it by and by.
 'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
 And He holds it up in view,
 As a guide-star to his children,
 As a help to me and you.
 Oh, the light, etc.

He will keep it ever burning
 From the lighthouse of his love,
 And it always shines the brightest
 When the skies are dark above.

If we keep our eyes upon it,
 And we steer our course aright,
 We shall reach the harbour safely
 By the blessed beacon light.
 Oh, the light, etc.

292.

Tender, trusty, true.

108.

LET us be tender, and trusty, and true,—
 Here is a thought, dearest children, for you;
 Where'er we go, and whatever we do,
 Let us be tender, and trusty, and true.
 Brave to the battle of life we will go;
 Try to be tender, and trusty, and true,—
 Helpful and thoughtful to all we will prove,
 Winning all hearts by our goodness and love.

Let us be tender, and trusty, and true,
 Children, I pray you to keep this in view,—
 Blessing each other, our blessing we find;
 Therefore, be helpful, and thoughtful, and kind.
 Brave to the battle, etc.

Let us be cheerful, and happy as well,
 That all our life's service doubly may tell;
 God loves the cheerful heart, singing its lay,—
 Let us then joyously keep on our way.
 Brave to the battle, etc.

H. S. Griswold.

293.

Cheerfully.

108. 6 lines.

CHEERFULLY, cheerfully, let us all live,
 Slow to be angry, and quick to forgive ;
 Cheer for the mourning, and smiles for the glad,
 Brave hearts forever, through days bright or sad ;
 Singing and hoping, at work or at rest,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully doing our best.

God helps the hand that is doing its best ;
 Blesses the true heart that stands ev'ry test ;
 Then shall the harvest be golden and bright,
 Gathering our sheaves under heaven's own light ;
 Singing and hoping, at work or at rest,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully doing our best.

Mrs. Leland.

294.

A Child's Service.

8.5.

HEAVENLY Father, I would serve Thee,
 As a child may do,
 Be a happy, youthful brightness,
 Loving, trustful, true.

I would live for little creatures,
 As Thou liv'st for me,
 And to all the weak and helpless
 Gentle helper be.

I am thankful that my spirit
 May become like thine ;
 Kindly service of the feeble
 Is the life divine.

Thou art mighty and eternal
 God and Lord of all,
 Yet the strong to win thy service
 Are the weak and small.

May this voice that Thou hast given me
 By its loving words,
 May these hands by deeds of kindness
 Prove they are the Lord's.

Change me wholly to thy pleasure,
 Give me Jesus' grace,
 That I may, as he in childhood,
 Sweetly fill my place.

Benjamin Waugh.

295.

Let it pass.

P.M.

BE not swift to take offence,
 Let it pass !
 Anger is a foe to sense,
 Let it pass !
 Brood not darkly o'er a wrong !
 Which will disappear ere long ;
 Rather sing this cheery song,
 Let it pass !

Echo not an angry word,
 Let it pass !
 Think how often you have erred,
 Let it pass !

SONGS AND HYMNS

Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay ?
Let it pass !

If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass !
Oh, be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass !
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resist but wait,
And our triumph will be great.
Let it pass !

Bid your anger to depart ;
Let it pass !
Lay those homely words to heart,
‘ Let it pass ! ’
Follow not the giddy throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong ;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass !

296.

My Share.

7.7.9.5.

THERE is work on earth for me,
There is work on earth for me,
There are sins to fight and wrongs to right,
And there's work for me.

SONGS AND HYMNS

There is help from God for me,
There is help from God for me,
When I am weak, his grace I'll seek,
And there's help for me.

There is joy and peace for me,
There is joy and peace for me,
If I do his will, God aids me still,
And there's joy for me.

There is love on earth for me,
There is love on earth for me,
If my heart is right, my life is bright,
And there's love for me.

There is rest in heaven for me,
There is rest in heaven for me,
There is rest on high, beyond the sky,
There is rest for me.

H. W. Hawkes.

297.

Love at Home.

P.M.

THERE is beauty all around,
Where there's love at home ;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.
 Love at home, love at home ;
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
 When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
 When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home.
 Love at home, love at home,
 Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
 When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
 When there's love at home ;
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O, there's One who smiles on high,
 When there's love at home.
 Love at home, love at home ;
 O, there's One who smiles on high,
 When there's love at home.^{११}

J. H. McNaughton.

298.

Are we sowing ?

8.7. D. 7.7.

ARE we sowing seeds of kindness ?
 They shall blossom out ere long ;
 Are we sowing seeds of discord ?
 They shall ripen into wrong.
 Are we sowing seeds of honour ?
 They shall bring forth golden grain ;
 Are we sowing seeds of falsehood ?
 We shall yet reap bitter pain.
 Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
 Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful
 What the seed our hands shall sow ;
 Love from love is sure to ripen,
 Hate from hate is sure to grow.
 Seeds of good or ill we scatter
 Heedlessly along our way ;
 But a glad or grievous fruitage
 Waits us at the harvest day.
 Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
 Reaping, we its fruits shall see.

299.

The worship of love.

C.M.

HE prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast ;
 He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small,
 For the dear God who loveth us—
 He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

300.

The world as it might be.

7.6.

OH what a world this might be,
 If hearts were always kind :
 If friendship none would slight thee,
 And fortune prove less blind.
 With love's own voice to guide us,
 Unchanging e'er and fond ;
 With all we wish beside us,
 And not a care beyond !
 Oh, what a world this might be,
 More blest than that of yore !
 Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
 To love each other more.

Oh, what a world of beauty
 A loving heart might plan
 If man but did his duty,
 And helped his brother man ;
 Then angel guests would brighten
 The threshold with their wings,
 And love divine enlighten
 The old forgotten springs.
 Oh, what a world, etc.

301.

The lesser children of the Father. C.M.

TURN, turn the hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush the helpless worm :
 The frame thy wayward looks deride
 Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
O do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

Thomas Gisborne.

302.

Band of Mercy.

8.7.

SOFTLY, softly, little children
Do not touch those painted wings ;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Quietly, quietly, little children
Peep into the lovely nest,
Think of your own joy when nestling
In your loving mother's breast.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog !
Let your unmolesting mercy
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide in God's great world around you,
Let the harmless creatures live ;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment ;
Take not what you cannot give.

303.

Lonely Hearts.

P.M.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by,
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by ;
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by—
 Going by ! Going by !
 Going by ! Going by !
 Oh, the good we all may do
 While the days are going by !

There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
 Help our fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by !
 Going by ! etc.

All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by ;

SONGS AND HYMNS

But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by!
Going by ! etc.

George Cooper.

304.

The purpose of Life.

P.M.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too ;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted men foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

305.

Singing as we go.

6.5.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high!
 Marching through the desert
 Gladly thus we pray,
 Still with hearts united,
 Singing on our way.
 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high.

Father, dearest Father,
 At thy gracious feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing,
 See thy children meet.
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
 Keep us mighty Father,
 In the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams, etc.

Guardian of our childhood
 Keep us undefiled,
 Make our childhood holy,
 Pure and meek and mild.
 In the hour of danger
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to Thee, our Father,
 Only unto Thee.
 Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us
 In the way we go ;
 Crown us still victorious
 Over every foe :
 Bid thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower ;
 From all dangers save us
 By thy mighty power.
 Brightly gleams, etc.

T. J. Potter (altered).

306.

The Accepted Offering.

7s.

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?—
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,—
 Love to Thee and all mankind.

Sir John Bowring.

307.

Forward.

6.5.

FORWARD, children, forward !
 Life is dawning bright ;

Leave the night behind you,

Onward into light !

Heavenly voices call you,

Hearken and obey,

God himself shall lead you

Surely day by day.

Forward, children, forward,

Life is dawning bright ;

Leave the night behind you,

Onward into light !

Childhood's golden morning

Breaks in manhood's day :

Life's high noon is fleeting,

Age knows no delay :

Waken, children, waken !
 Gather wisdom's word ;
 Follow Christ your leader,
 Learn to know the Lord !
 Forward, etc.

Days of toil are coming,
 Hours, perchance, of pain :
 Conflicts where the mighty
 Sink upon the plain,—
 Learn to bear you bravely ;
 Lean on God alway ;
 Ere the stress of battle,
 Children, watch and pray !
 Forward, etc.

A. N. Blatchford.

308.

Band of Mercy Hymn.

L.M.

O THOU, by whose creative power,
 Seraph, and insect of an hour,
 Live, move, rejoice,—we fain would share
 The spirit of our Master's prayer.

Thy law of kindness here bear sway,
 As in thy heaven's immortal day !
 While Thou dost list the raven's cry,
 Let us no lowly need deny.

While 'Thou dost mark a sparrow's fall,
 May we, thy children, reverence all
 The creatures of thy loving care,
 Nor deeds belie our faith and prayer.

But, kind to every living thing
 Sheltered beneath thy brooding wing ;
 So let our daily lives be praise,
 And imitate our Father's ways.

Mary Johnson.

309.

Bells of Mercy.

6.5.°

RING the bells of mercy,
 Ring them loud and clear,
 Let their music linger
 Softly on the ear,
 Filling souls with pity
 For the dumb and weak,
 Telling all the voiceless
 We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
 Over hill and plain,
 Let the ancient mountains
 Chant the glad refrain ;
 For where man abideth,
 Or creature God hath made,
 Laws of love and kindness
 On each soul are laid.

Ring the bells of mercy
 Over land and sea,
 Let the waiting millions
 Join the jubilee ;

Peace on earth descending,
Fill the human breast,
Giving to the weary,
Sweet and blessed rest.

Emily B. Lord.

310. *The Seed and the Sheaves.*

12.11.5.5.6.5.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness,

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves ;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves ;

Bringing in the sheaves !
Bringing in the sheaves !
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves !

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze :

By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves !

Bringing in the sheaves, etc.

Go then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves ;

When the harvest's over, He will bid us welcome ;

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves !

Bringing in the sheaves, etc.

311.

Band of Mercy.

8.5.8.5.

HEARTS of love with hands of mercy
Hear our joyful song ;
Highest hill and lowest valley
Roll the words along.

Join our Bands ; the word is spoken,
Mercy is our cry ;
We will plead for voiceless creatures,
Victory is nigh !

See the countless bands of children
Marshalled on the plain ;
Hear their happy voices ringing
In the grand refrain.

Join our Bands, etc.

Cruel acts and dire oppression
Soon will be no more ;
We will bear the law of kindness
To the farthest shore.

Join our Bands, etc.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Come to-day, the world is moving ;
Soon our eyes shall see
Tenderness to all God's creatures ;
Sound the jubilee !

Join our Bands, etc.
F. A. E. Wood-White.

312.

Welcome Song. 8.7.8.7.7.7.5.

WELCOME, welcome is the greeting,
Which this day we give our friends ;
Joyous, joyous is the meeting,
Which their kindly presence lends.
Hands of cheer and hearts sincere
Find we in our comrades here,
As we follow day by day
In the righteous way.

Love is still our richest treasure,
Casting out each earth-born fear ;
Let the smile of social pleasure
Beam on all who gather here,
Hands of cheer, etc.

Like the sun,—our feelings glowing,
Clothe these happy hours in light ;
Like the sun,—when we are going,
Let us leave a radiance bright.
Hands of cheer, etc.

Shining truth and heavenly gladness
 Quicken every soul with love ;
 Gild the twilight hour of sadness
 With a radiance from above.
 Hands of cheer, etc.

313. *Band of Mercy Anniversary.* 6s.

WITH banner and with song,
 We come a happy throng,
 To celebrate to-night
 The birth of this our band,
 Which speaks throughout the land,
 In tones all understand,
 For Mercy, Love, and Right.

It counsels mercy kind
 To all whom we may find,
 In sorrow, want, or woe ;
 On man, or beast, or bird,
 Where saddest plaints are heard,
 By kindest feelings stirred,
 Mercy and Love to show.

These two words we inscribe
 Upon our banner's side ;
 And ever may the sight
 Inspire us with a zeal
 To work for others' weal,
 And in each sad appeal
 Do battle for the right.

Mrs. Nash.

314.

Helping Along.

P.M.

WE'VE hands that are willing and hearts
 that are true,
 And plenty of work waits for me and for you;
 So while we march onward let this e'er be our
 song,
 Throughout our life's journey we will all help
 along.
 Helping along, we are helping along,
 Thro' our life's journey we are helping along;
 As onward we're marching, be this ever our
 song,
 Thro' all our life's journey we are helping
 along.
 There's work for each one ev'ry hour, ev'ry day;
 There are small deeds of service, or kind
 words to say;
 Though youthful and feeble, yet in love we are
 strong,
 And throughout life's journey we'll be helping
 along.

Helping along, etc.

M. E. Pickering.

315.

The Kingdom of God.

S.M.

COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love!
 Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family. .

Come, kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.
John Johns.

316. *'The cup of water only.'* 7.6.D.

HE saw the wheat-fields waiting
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him one by one.

‘ Oh, could I reap in harvest ! ’

His heart made bitter cry :

‘ I can do nothing, nothing,

So weak, alas ! am I.’

Thou may’st not join the reapers

Upon the harvest plain,

But he who helps a brother

Binds sheaves of richest grain.

At eve a fainting traveller

Sank down beside the door ;

A cup of crystal water

To quench his thirst he bore.

And when refreshed and strengthened

The traveller went his way,

Upon the poor man’s threshold

A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

Thou may’st not join, etc.

When came the Lord of harvest,

He cried, ‘ Oh, Master kind,

One sheaf I have to offer,

But that I did not bind ;

I gave a cup of water

To one athirst, and he

Left at my door, in going

This sheaf I offer Thee.’

Thou may’st not join, etc.

Then said the Master softly,
 'Well pleased with this am I;
 One of my angels left it
 With thee, as he passed by.
 Thou may'st not join the reapers
 Upon the harvest plain,
 But he who helps a brother
 Binds sheaves of richest grain.'
 Thou may'st not join, etc.

317. '*Doth God care for oxen?*' L.M.

'**D**OTH God for oxen care? '—O blind
 Perversity of heart and mind!

The potters prize their work of clay,
 Is He less mindful, think, than they?

His hand hath formed, his love inspired
 The life with which this realm is fired.
 'Take off thy shoes! 'Tis holy ground'
 Circles the lowliest life around.

O look not far! That Love doth brood
 In lives the humblest and most rude.
 An angel's song, a bird-note clear,
 Rise to the same all-listening ear.

On altars where the saints seek rest
 The tiny swallow builds her nest,
 And here, as in the days of old,
 Are bush of flame and ark of gold.

Mary Johnson.

318.

Our Prayer.

6.6.5.6.6.6.5.

GOD help our loving Band,
 Enable us to stand
 In Mercy's cause.

O give us great success
 In work and righteousness,
 Thy creatures all to bless,
 And keep thy laws.

O may we ever find
 Sweet joy in being kind,
 A happy band.
 We'll keep our hearts with care,
 With promise broad and fair,
 And Mercy's triumphs bear
 Throughout the land.

O, all our hearts inspire
 With heaven's own sacred fire
 To make us strong.
 Thy Spirit's power we crave,
 To make us true and brave,
 And aid us those to save
 That suffer wrong.

God bless our growing Bands,
 Fulfilling thy commands,
 At Mercy's call.

O grant thy children grace,
Of every land and race,
To join before thy face,
Love crowning all.

Thomas Timmins.

319. *A Free and Happy Life.* L.M.

HOW happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

320.

The best we can.

8.6.7.6.D.

ROUSE up to work that waits for us,
 O spendthrifts of to-day !
 We'll make our daily record
 A grand one while we may.
 There's work to do, there's work to do,
 For God and fellow-man !
 In earth's great field of labour,
 We'll do the best we can.

Shake off the sloth that fetters us,
 Put on the will that wins ;
 The battle, for the earnest,
 In their own heart begins.
 There's work to do, etc.

No nobler hero in the fight,
 Since battle-fields began,
 Than he who boldly serves the right,
 And does the best he can.
 There's work to do, etc.

So work while day is passing ;
 And at life's setting sun,
 When all our sheaves are gathered,
 The Lord will say, ' Well done !'
 There's work to do, etc.
Eben E. Rexford.

321.

Work for all.

7.6. & 8.6.

COME, friends! the world wants mending!

Let none sit down and rest,

But seek to work like heroes,

And nobly do your best.

Do what you can for fellow-man,

With honest heart and true;

Much may be done by ev'ry one,

There's work for all to do.

Come, friends! the world wants mending;

Let none sit down and rest,

But seek to work like heroes,

And nobly do your best.

Though you can do but little,

That little's something still;

You'll find a way for something,

If you but have the will.

Now bravely fight for what is right,

And God will help you through;

Much may be done by ev'ry one,

There's work for all to do.

Come, friends! etc.

Be kind to those around you,

To charity hold fast;

Let each think first of others,

And leave himself till last.

Act as you would that others should
 Act always unto you ;
 Much may be done by ev'ry one,
 There's work for all to do.
 Come, friends ! etc.

322.

Truth.

7.5.7.7.7.5.

BE the matter what it may,
 Always speak the truth ;
 Whether work or whether play,
 Always speak the truth ;
 Never from this rule depart,
 Grave it deeply on your heart ;
 Written 'tis in virtue's chart,
 Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone,
 Always speak the truth ;
 One begets another one,
 Always speak the truth ;
 Falsehood all the soul degrades,
 'Tis a sin from which proceeds
 Greater sins and darker deeds,
 Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong the folly own,
 Always speak the truth ;
 Here's a victory to be won,
 Always speak the truth.

He who speaks with lying tongue,
 Adds to wrong a greater wrong ;
 Then, with courage true and strong,
 Always speak the truth.

323.

‘ *Strong in the Lord.* ’

6.5.

DARE to speak the truth, boys !
 Dare to do the right !
 Never mind the jeers, boys !
 Keep your conscience bright.
 Courage, gentle maidens !
 Strong in truth and grace,
 You shall be victorious,
 You shall see his face.
 Children of your Father,
 Be ashamed of wrong,
 Boldly stand with Jesus,
 In his strength be strong.

Speak a gentle word, boys !
 Let your daily life
 Tell of peace and love, boys !
 In a world of strife.
 Boys and maidens, never
 Fear to own the Lord,
 Treasure up his thoughts, boys !
 Every loving word.
 Children of your Father,
 Offering good for ill,
 Moulding every action
 To his mind and will.

At your daily task, boys !
 Act as in his sight ;
 Honest in each deed, boys !
 Never fear the light.
 Boys and maidens, never,
 Never be cast down ;
 Yours the song of triumph,
 Yours the victor's crown.
 Children of your Father,
 You shall come at last
 To his golden city,
 All life's battle past.

324.

True Courage.

9.8.

YOU'RE starting my boy on life's journey,
 Along the grand highway of life ;
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations—
 Each city with evil is rife.
 This world is a stage of excitement,
 There's danger wherever you go ;
 But if you are tempted in weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !
 Have courage, my boy, have courage, my boy,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !

In courage, my boy, lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin ;
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin :
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow ;
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No !
Have courage, etc.

Be careful in choosing companions :
 Seek only the brave and the true ;
 And stand by your friends when in trial,
 Ne'er changing the old for the new.
 And when by false friends you are tempted
 The taste of the wine-cup to know,
 With firmness, with patience, and kindness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !
 Have courage, etc.

325. *The Lesser Lights.* 8.7.

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From his lighthouse evermore ;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning !
Send a gleam across the wave !
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
 Loud the angry billows roar ;
 Eager eyes are watching, longing,
 For the lights along the shore.
 Let the lower lights, etc.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :
 Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,
 Trying now to make the harbour,
 In the darkness may be lost.
 Let the lower lights, etc.

326.

The Battle of Life.

I I S. IO. I I. I 2. I 2.

THE children are gathering from near and
 from far,
 The trumpet is sounding the call to the war ;
 The cross is our ensign, its cause makes us strong,
 We'll gird on our armour whilst marching along.
 Marching along, we are marching along,
 Gird on your armour, and be marching along ;
 The cross is our ensign, in its cause we are
 strong,
 Then gird on your armour, and be marching
 along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
 But let us not waver, or turn in dismay ;
 'The Lord is our strength,' be this ever our song,
 And firm in this faith we'll go marching along.
 Marching along, etc.

Through trial and conflict our crown we must win,
And fearlessly war with temptation and sin ;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If God is but with us while marching along.
Marching along, etc.

Bradbury.

327.

On Duty.

THE soldier keeps his wakeful watch
While wearied comrades sleep around,
With eager eyes and ears, to catch
Of stealthy foemen sight or sound.
Then let me watch when danger's nigh ;
Then let me watch when danger's nigh ;
God help us all to watch ; to watch and to
pray ;
God help us all to watch ; and guard Thou
our way.

As faithful soldiers let us watch
For sin, our strong and bitter foe,
Lest he an easy victory snatch,
Break through our guard, and lay us low.
Then let me watch, etc.

The sailor keeps his wakeful watch,
When billows rise and tempests roar,
With straining eyes the light to catch,
Which warns him from the dangerous shore.
Then let me watch, etc.

SONGS AND HYMNS

In roaring winds and raging seas,
By stormy day and dreary night,
Supported by thy promises.
I'll watch and work with all my might.
Then let me watch, etc.

So, like the sailor, we are borne
Through storm and calm, across the sea ;
God fills our sails and drives us on,
To land us in eternity.
Then let me watch, etc.

Land me, O Lord, in safety there,
And all my dangerous way attend ;
Then praise shall leave no room for prayer,
And my long watch shall have an end.
Then let me watch, etc.

Sir N. Barnaby.

328.

The Temperance Army.

P.M.

COME, join the noble army
Who battle for the right ;
Come, join the noble army,
Our watchword, ' Right is might.'
With the cross upon our banner,
While our voices sing hosanna,
We're children of the light.
Oh, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the right.

Then do not be discouraged,
 But bear up to the end ;
 Oh, do not be discouraged,
 But with the wrong contend.
 God will make his sons victorious,
 And will give them visions glorious,
 And keep them to the end.
 Oh, I'm glad, etc.

329.

March on.

9.8.10.8.

MARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
 In the cross of Christ confiding,
 For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
 And the Lord his own is guiding.

We march to fight with the powers of night,
 That have held the world in sorrow ;
 And the broken heart shall be healed of its
 smart,
 And shall hail a joyful morrow.

We fight with wrong and our weapon strong,
 Is the Love that Hate shall banish ;
 And the chains shall fall from each ransomed
 thrall,
 As the thrones of tyrants vanish.

O'er realms of night let our standard bright
 Be unfurled, their darkness clearing ;
 And the souls long dead to the Lord who bled
 Shall adore his glad appearing.

Long wears the fight, but the God of right,
 Though unseen is ever near us ;
 And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
 Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
 Shall declare the victor's glory,
 And the world shall rest, in her Lord confessed,
 And shall sing the finished story.

E. S. Armitage.

330.

Watchful and Wise.

9.8.

O BROTHER, life's journey beginning,
 With courage and firmness arise !—
 Look well to the course thou art choosing ;
 Be earnest, be watchful and wise !
 Remember—two paths are before thee,
 And both thy attention invite ;
 But one leadeth on to destruction,—
 The other to joy and delight.
 God help you to follow his banner,
 And serve Him wherever you go ;
 And when you are tempted, my brother,
 God give you the grace to say ' No !'

O brother, yield not to the tempter,
 No matter what others may do ;
 Stand firm in the strength of the Master,
 Be loyal, be faithful, and true !

Each trial will make you the stronger,
 If you, in the name of the Lord,
 Fight manfully under your Leader,
 Obeying the voice of his word.
 God help you, etc.

O brother, thy Maker is calling !
 Beware of the danger of sin :
 Resist not the voice of the Spirit
 That whispers so gently within.
 God calls you to enter his service—
 To live for Him here, day by day ;
 And share by and by in the glory
 That never shall vanish away.
 God help you, etc.

331.

Nobility.

9.8.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming,—
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right,
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.

SONGS AND HYMNS

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Alice Cary.

332.

'Courage, Brother!' 8.7.8.7.6.7.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Do the right, do the right,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary;
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Do the right, etc.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
‘ Trust in God, and do the right.’
Do the right, etc.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
‘ Trust in God, and do the right.’
Do the right, etc.
Norman MacLeod.

333. *The Crystal Spring.* 9.7.10.8.

GIVE me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high ;
When the rocks and the woods their shadows
fling,
Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow ;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
From the frost and the fleecy snow.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone ;
When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes
ring
From the woods o’er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
 When the ripening fruits appear ;
 When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
 And plenty has crowned the year.
Thomas Hastings.

334.

Temperance Hymn.

7.6.

NOW, host with host assembling,
 The victory we win ;
 Lo ! on his throne sits trembling
 That old and giant sin ,
 Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
 His banded strength has gone,
 His charmèd cup lies shattered,
 And still the cry is ' On ! '

Our fathers' God, our keeper !
 Be Thou our strength divine !
 Thou sendest forth the reaper,
 The harvest all is thine.
 Roll on, roll on this gladness :
 Till, driven from every shore,
 The drunkard's sin and madness
 Shall smite the earth no more.

E. H. Chapin.

335. *Dare to do Right.* 8.10.10.10.

DARE to do right, dare to be true,—
 You have a work that no other can do ;
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,—
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right, dare to be true,
 Other men's failures can never save you ;
 Stand by your conscience, your honour, your
 faith,
 Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to do right, dare to be true,
 God sees your faith and will carry you through,
 Keeping his loving help ever in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true, and do right?
 G. S. Taylor.

336. *Play the Man.* 7.7.7.4.

GIRD your loins about with truth ;
 Life will not go always smooth ;
 Singing lightsome songs of youth,—
 Play the man !

Learn with justice to keep pace,—
 Spurning what is vile and base,
 And bravely ever set your face
 To play the man.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way,
In the open light of day,
And play the man.

They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek;
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

Courage needs it, to be true,
And steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you—
Play the man.

Trust in God and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play the man.

Walter C. Smith.

337.

'On the Lord's side.'

78.

BROTHERS, let us to the Lord
Give ourselves, both heart and sword;
Under his commanding eye
We shall march to victory.

Hark ! the strains of music roll,
 Like a tide, they fill the soul ;
 As they to their highest rise,
 We will launch our enterprise.

Ye who 'list must 'list in faith,
 Fearing neither toil nor scathe ;
 Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
 Confident of victory.

Hark ! the music, loud and sweet,
 Thrills our hearts and stirs our feet ;
 Brothers, hands upon our swords,
 Let us shout ' We are the Lord's ! '

T. T. Lynch.

338.

Giving as we go.

S.M.

THE brooks that brim with showers,
 And sparkle on their way,
 Will freshen and will feed the flowers,
 Thus working while they play.

Nor will our hearts do less,
 If happily we live ;
 For cheerfulness is usefulness,—
 The life we have, we give.

Truth is a sacred rain—
 Our hearts but scanty rills,
 Which higher power and pleasure gain,
 As truth the current fills.

If freely we receive,
 We freely will bestow ;
 And tokens of our passage leave
 Where'er we shine or flow.

T. T. Lynch.

339. *Aid for the Temperance Cause.* 7s.

GOD our Father, from above,
 Thou in whom we live and move,
 Look upon thy children here,
 Listen to our fervent prayer.

While for Temperance now we plead
 Grant our efforts may succeed ;
 For we know without thy might
 Vain our battle for the right.

Guard us with thy mighty hand,
 Lead our youthful Temperance band,
 Guide us, O our heavenly King,
 To our cause great triumphs bring.

May we all in truth be bold,
 Rich and poor and young and old,
 Join us all in this great aim
 To banish drink, the nation's shame.

340.

Band of Hope.

7.6.D.

FATHER in heaven we ask Thee
 Our Band of Hope to bless ;
 O let thy loving favour
 Crown it with much success.
 We want it to accomplish
 All that it may and should,
 To weaken powers of evil
 And strengthen powers of good.

Boys. Give to the boys true courage,
 That as to men they grow,
 When drinking comrades tempt them
 They'll firmly answer 'No.'

Girls. And keep the girls all steadfast,
 And may they help to win,
 By love and good example,
 Weak souls from paths of sin.

O hear us then our Father,
 Whilst we petition make,
 For those who are in danger
 The tempting drink to take.
 And thine shall be the glory,
 We'll yield Thee all the praise,
 Nor wilt Thou spurn the tribute
 Our Band of Hope shall raise.

341.

God's Way the Best.

L.M.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
 Some heart is glad to have it so;
 Then blow it east or blow it west,
 The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone,
 Ten thousand ships glad every zone;
 What blows to me a favouring breeze,
 Might wreck another on the seas.

I leave it to a Higher Will
 To stay or speed me, trusting still
 That all is well, and sure that He
 Who launched my bark will sail with me.

Through storm and calm He will not fail
 Whatever breezes may prevail,
 To land me, every peril past,
 Within the sheltering port at last.

Caroline A. Mason.

342.

A Call to Battle.

C.M.D.

IN days of old when valiant knights
 Went forth in armour strong,
 To battle for the people's rights,
 And put down cruel wrong,

They met their foemen face to face
 And high above the fight,
 Rang out the cry through all the place,
 'May God defend the Right.'

Once bands of children bravely caught
 The spirit of those times,
 And thousands were together brought
 To march to distant climes.
 The Holy Sepulchre was then
 In heathen grasp retained;
 The children thought by them, not men,
 It was to be regained.

We too have foes that hem us round,
 And sore oppress the land,
 Wrongs to set right, wherever found,
 Temptations to withstand.
 But worst of all, the demon Drink,
 Who blights the hearth and home,
 Drives tens of thousands to the brink
 Of shame and early doom.

Join with us then to fight this foe,
 And sweep him from the earth;
 Help us to lay this tempter low,
 And give his slaves 'new birth.'
 The struggle may be sharp and long
 To break his giant might,
 But falter not, fight on; fight on!
 And 'God defend the Right'!

I. M. Wade.

343. *The Temperance Standard.*

7.6.

COME raise aloft our banner,
 A red cross on white ground ;
 Spread wide abroad the emblem
 Wherever man is found ;
 And let it stand for freedom,
 A potent power to save,
 From falsehood, sin, oppression,
 From all that makes a slave ;
 Come rally round our standard,
 Defend it one and all,
 Stand by it never doubting
 Before it wrong shall fall.

We'll keep the flag so stainless
 From every form of sin,
 That those who gather round it,
 Shall mighty be to win
 The mark that's set before us,
 Our calling great and high ;
 To fit ourselves right worthily
 For mansions in the sky !
 Come rally, etc.

In Jesus Christ our Leader
 We have a Captain strong,
 Let's marshal then our legions
 To battle with the wrong ;

With every warrior steadfast,
 With courage to endure,
 A noble cause to inspire us,
 Our victory is sure !
 Then rally round our standard,
 Defend it one and all,
 Stand by it never doubting
 Before it sin shall fall.
I. M. Wade.

344.

Onward.

P.M.

WE are marching onward
 In our calling high,
 This shall be our watchword,
 'Labour till we die.'
 For the night is coming,
 Soon will set the sun,
 When the Master calleth,
 Let our work be done.
 Onward, onward,
 Singing as we go;
 Soon we'll triumph
 Over every foe.
 Yes, we are marching onward
 In our calling high;
 This shall be our watchword,
 'Labour till we die.'

SONGS AND HYMNS

Ye who in his vineyard
Idly stand and wait,
Come and join the workers,
Ere it be too late ;
For he needs your service,
Hear his loving voice,
'Come and join my army,
Make my cause your choice !'
Onward, onward, etc.

O when he shall sift you
At his judgment-seat,
What shall be the welcome
That your ears shall greet ?
If you are but faithful,
Happy you will be :
Then you'll hear the summons,
'Hither come to me !'
Onward, onward, etc.

345.

Begin at once.

9.7.8.8.8.8.8.

BEGIN at once ! in the pleasant days,
While we are all together,
• While we can join in prayer and praise,
While we can meet for healthful plays
In the glow of summer weather.

SONGS AND HYMNS

Begin at once, with heart and hand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once! for we do not know
What may befall to-morrow;
Many a tempter, many a foe
Lieth in wait where'er you go,
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
Begin at once! nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once; there is much to do;
O do not wait for others!
Join us to-day, be brave and true!
Join us to-day, there's room for you,
And a welcome from your brothers.
Begin at once, the work is so grand,
That God hath given our happy band.

Begin at once! in the strength of God,
For that will never fail you!
Under his banner bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.
Begin at once with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Frances R. Havergal.

346.

Help for the Faithful.

8.7.

OH, the Father's hands are helping
 In the work you have to do !
 Have you never felt them lifting,
 When the task was hard for you ?
 There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for you.

What your hands find good in doing,
 Do at once, with all your might ;
 Though the work be plain and lowly,
 It is blessed in his sight.
 There is help, etc.

Oh be patient in your striving !
 ' Learn to labour and to wait ; '
 And the Father's love shall lead you
 When the way is steep and strait.
 There is help, etc.

E. H. Leland.

347.

Giants of modern days.

IN days of old when giants roamed
 At will throughout the nation,
 Before their coming steps there loomed
 Both death and desolation ;

SONGS AND HYMNS

The land was blighted where they trod,
And wrecked each habitation;
They heeded not the laws of God
Nor aught in his creation.
To fight for right, I will maintain
Is every brave man's duty,
And through the land let Justice reign
Allied with Truth and Beauty.

For no one but themselves they cared;—
In abject low prostration
Their victims lay, and none they spared,
How high or low their station.
Their power was great, their will was strong,
None daring to offend them,
Or try to break their reign of wrong,
And 'by opposing end them.'
To fight for right, etc.

Was manly courage ebbing low,
Or did mere bulk appal men,
That none were found to strike a blow
Or care what might befall men?
They left it all to youthful hands,
To meet brute force with valour,
In Canaan and in Cornish lands,
Whilst they stood blanched with pallor.
To fight for right, etc.

Two giants still stalk through the land,
 That very much need slaying!
 So join ye youths our Temperance band,
 The cause brooks no delaying.
 With dexterous skill set stone in sling,
 And 'swords of sharpness' getting.
 With all your might your forces bring.
 'Gainst Drunkenness and Betting.
 To fight for right, etc.

I. M. Wade.

348.

Lend a Hand. 6.7.7.7.8.8.3.

L END a hand! Lend a hand!
 Fight for home and fatherland!
 Join the army of the brave;
 Hold your own, and others save,
 Thousands need you, sinking, falling,
 Hear ye not their voices calling—
 'Lend a hand!'

Lend a hand! Lend a hand!
 Help to free the Fatherland;
 Free it from enslaving chains,
 Wasteful ways and needless pains,
 Help to make your country's story,
 Full of beauty, full of glory;
 'Lend a hand!'

Lend a hand ! Lend a hand !
 Bless your own and every land,
 Give your best to aid mankind,
 Best in body, best in mind ;
 Pure and wise and happy living
 Is the finest form of giving,—
 ‘ Lend a hand ! ’

W. G. Tarrant.

349.

The Work of Life.

8.7.

LIFE is not a fleeting shadow,
 Or a wave upon the beach ;
 Though our days be swift, yet lasting
 Is the stamp we give to each.

Life is ours for faithful labour
 Of the hand or of the thought ;
 Every hour and every moment
 Is with living meaning fraught.

Waking every morn to duty,
 Ere its hours shall pass away,
 Let some act of love or service,
 Mark it as a holy day.

350.

Hope, Faith, Love.

9s. 6.9.

THERE'S a Hope that is fairer than day,
 And it brightens the earth and the sky ;
 We may scatter our seed by the way,
 For the harvest will come by and by.
 For we hope in the Lord
 And his kingdom will come by and by !

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,
 And it leads us through pathways unknown ;
 Not a sparrow can fall in the night,
 Not a soul can be lost, or alone !
 For we trust in the Lord
 And his kingdom will come by and by !

There's a Love that is deeper than all,
 And it pulses in life everywhere :
 Neither failure nor loss can befall,
 When we rest in the Infinite Care.
 For we live in the Lord
 And his kingdom will come by and by !
W. G. Haskell.

351.

The Angels.

8.7.

I F we only sought to brighten
 Every pathway dark with care,

If we only tried to lighten
 All the burdens others bear,
 We should hear the angels singing
 All around us night and day,
 We should feel that they were bringing
 Songs of love to cheer our way.

If we only strove to cherish
 Every pure and holy thought,
 Till, within our heart, would perish
 All that is with evil fraught,
 We should hear the angels, etc.

352.

The Good is Eternal.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

KIND words can never die ;
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast ;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 And in all years and climes,
 Distant and near.

Sweet thoughts can never die ;
 Though, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours ;
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue
 They bloom again.

Childhood can never die ;
 Wrecks of the past
 Float o'er the memory,
 Bright to the last ;
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisied spring,
 Floats on time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.

Our souls can never die ;
 Though in the tomb
 Our mortal bodies lie,
 Wrapt in its gloom.
 E'en though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live through eternal day,
 With God above.

Abby Hutchinson.

353.

'Faint, but pursuing.'

7s.

THOUGH I faint with toil and care,
 Be this still my morning prayer :
 'Father, give me strength, I pray,
 Some good work to do this day.'

When I lay me down to rest,
 Though with grief and pain oppressed,
 To my heart I still will say :
 'What good hast thou done to-day ?'

Life is short, and thousands cry,
 ' Help us ! ' when no help is nigh.
 Brothers, work while it is day !
 Let us do good while we may.

354. *' To him that overcometh.'* 7s. 6 lines.

FATHER, we are young and weak,
 Yet we have a race to run ;
 Glorious is the crown we seek
 Hard the fight that must be won ;
 Lest we faint and lest we flee,
 Keep us ever near to Thee.

Many are our foes and strong—
 Foes without and fears within ;
 Great temptations to go wrong,
 And become the slaves of sin ;
 We shall surely conquered be,
 If we keep not near to Thee.

When the prize of victory's won,
 And the hard-fought contest o'er,
 We shall hear the glad ' Well done ! '
 On the shining heavenly shore ;
 And through all eternity
 Evermore be near to Thee.

T. A. Stowell.

355. *The least may do something.* 8.7.D.

IF you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If where fire and smoke are thickest
 There's no work for you to do,
 When the battlefield is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do;
 O! improve each passing moment,
 For these moments may be few.

Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

E. H. Gates.

356.

Nothing trivial.

C.M.

S CORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Thomas Hincks.

357.

God speed the right.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

NOW to heaven our cry ascending,
 God speed the right !
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right !
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
 All their loving toil rewarded,
 And success on earth accorded,—
 God speed the right !

Be that cry again repeated,
 God speed the right !
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,—
 God speed the right !
 Like the good and great in story,
 Be their lot on earth but lowly,
 If they fail they fail with glory,—
 God speed the right !

Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right !
 No event or danger fearing,
 God speed the right !
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 Never from the truth receding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right !

Still their onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,—
 Proudly let us then obey it,
 God speed the right!

W. E. Hickson.

358. *The Light of Truth is Breaking.*

7.7.8.7.7.7.

THE light of truth is breaking;
 On the mountain-tops it gleams;
 Let it flash along our valleys,
 Let it glitter on our streams,
 Till all our land awakens
 In its flush of golden beams.
 With purpose strong and steady,
 In the great Eternal's name,
 We rise to snatch our kindred
 From the depths of woe and shame;
 And the jubilee of freedom
 To the slaves of sin proclaim.
 From morning's early watches
 Till the setting of the sun,
 We will never flag nor falter
 In the work we have begun,
 Till the foes have all surrendered
 And the victory is won.

WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be his helpers,
 Other lives to bring?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for him will go?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 We are on the Lord's side,
 We will serve the King?
 We will be his helpers,
 Other lives to bring.

Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom he died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on his side.
 We are on the Lord's side, etc.

Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.

Round his standard ranging,
 Vict'ry is secure;
 For his truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 We are on the Lord's side, etc.

Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land;
 'Chosen, call'd, and faithful,'
 For our Captain's band;
 In our service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 We are on the Lord's side, etc.
F. R. Havergal.

360. *Homes of England.* 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

THE happy homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told;
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.
 God bless the homes of England,
 Oh! hallowed may they stand;
 May peace and love within them dwell
 Throughout our happy land.

The cottage homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains,
 They're smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes,
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves ;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As birds beneath their eaves.
 God bless the homes, etc.

The blessed homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !
 Oh ! green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flow'ry sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.
 God bless the homes, etc.

Felicia D. Hemans.

361.

The Nation.

7.6.

O BEAUTIFUL, my country !
 Be thine a nobler care,
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair ;
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressèd
 Fair Freedom's open door !

SONGS AND HYMNS

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law !
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem !
F. L. Hosmer.

362.

Our Native Land. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GOD bless our native land !
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore !
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

May just and equal laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our Isle.
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore.
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er.

William Lamport.

363.

' Good night.'

6.7.8.8.7.6.

ALL, good night! all, good night!
 Now is labour ended quite!
 Now the day is softly closing,
 Busy hands from toil reposing,
 Till new morning wakes in light:
 All, good night! all, good night!
 Sweetly rest! sweetly rest!
 Weary eyelids downward pressed.
 Silence rests on field and mountain,
 Softly murmur brook and fountain,
 Every bird has sought its nest;
 Sweetly rest! sweetly rest!

Peaceful sleep ! peaceful sleep !
 Sleep till morning's dawn doth peep !
 Sleep until another morrow
 Brings its duty, joy, or sorrow ;
 Sleep, our Father watch will keep ;
 Peaceful sleep ! peaceful sleep !

364.

Parting Song.

S.M.

COME, children, let us go !
 Our Father is our guide ;
 And if our way be bright or dark
 He's ever at our side.

Our spirits He will cheer
 With sunshine of his love,
 He guards us, and we need not fear,
 With such a Friend above.

Come, children, let us go !
 Nor by the way fall out ;
 But help each other brotherly,—
 God guards us round about.

The strong be quick to raise
 The weaker, if they fall ;
 In love, and peace, and quiet, go !
 God's blessing keep us all !

G. Tersteegen (translated).

365.

Home Song.

P.M.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest
For those that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about ;
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.

H. W. Longfellow.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS.

366.

Children's Worship.

P.M.

CAN a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part,
Learn to say with all your heart,
Father, I thank Thee,
Father, I thank Thee,
Dear heavenly Father, I thank Thee.

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, mother, and the rest;
For thy tender, loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere,
Father, I thank Thee,
Father, I thank Thee,
Dear heavenly Father, I thank Thee.

367.

Conscience.

C.M.D.

THE still small voice that speaks within,
 I hear it when, at play,
 I speak the loud and angry word
 That drives my friend away.
 The voice within, the voice within,
 O may I have a care ;
 It speaks to warn from every sin
 And God has placed it there.

If falsehood whispers to my heart
 To tell a coward lie,
 To hide some careless thing I've done,
 I hear the sad voice nigh.
 The voice within, etc.

If selfishness would bid me keep
 What I should gladly share,
 I hear again the inner voice,
 And then with shame forbear.
 The voice within, etc.

I thank thee, Father, for this friend
 Whom I would always heed :
 O may I hear the slightest tone
 In every time of need.
 The voice within, etc.
Fanny Fagan.

368. *The teaching of created things.* C.M.D.

I ASKED the little joyous bird,
Who taught him how to fly,
And sing his songs so sweetly in
The bright blue morning sky;
He told me it was God above,
Who gave to him his wing,
And taught him how to build his nest,
And taught him how to sing.

I asked the little lovely flower
That grew beneath my feet,
Who dressed her in her velvet coat
And gave her fragrance sweet;
She told me it was God above,
Who clothed her with such care,
And taught her how to sweetly breathe
Upon the evening air.

I asked the little twinkling star
Who taught him how to shine,
And run his course so steadily
Along his proper line;
He told me it was God above,
Who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp
To cheer the winter night.

Since all things, then, look up to God—
 The flower, the star, the bird ;
 And all obey his holy laws,
 And listen to his word ;
 I, too, although a child, will try
 His bidding to obey,
 That I may learn to please Him, too,
 And serve as well as they.

369.

The Father of All. 7.7.4.7.7.4.7.7.

LITTLE beam of rosy light,
 Who has made you shine so bright ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’

Little bird with golden wing.
 Who has taught you how to sing ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’
 ‘ ’Tis our Father, God above,—
 He has made us, He is love.’

Little blossom, sweet and rare,
 Who has made you bloom so fair ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’

Little streamlet in the dell,
 Who has made you, can you tell ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’
 ‘ ’Tis our Father, God above,—
 He has made us, He is love.’

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Little child, with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’

Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring ?
 ‘ ’Tis our Father.’

‘ ’Tis our Father, God above,—
He has made us, He is love.’
 Fanny J. Crosby.

370. *Praise for God's Watchfulness.* 8.7.

A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather,
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father,
In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever !

From shades of night, He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower ;
From every cloud his blessings break,
In sunshine, or in shower.
 In Him rejoice, etc.

Full in his sight his children stand,
 By his strong arm defended,
 And He, whose wisdom guides the world,
 Our footsteps hath attended
 In Him rejoice, etc.

For nothing falls unknown to Him,—
 Or care, or joy, or sorrow,
 And He whose mercy ruled the past,
 Will be our stay to-morrow.
 In Him rejoice, etc.

Then, praise the Lord with one accord,
 To his great name give glory,
 And of his never-changing love,
 Repeat the wondrous story!
 In Him rejoice, etc.
Ambrose N. Blatchford.

371.

Ever with Me.

7.6.

THOU art with me, O my Father,
 At early dawn of day;
 It is thy glory brighteneth
 The upward streaming ray;
 It calls me by its beauty
 To rise and worship Thee;
 I feel thy glorious presence,—
 Thy face I may not see.

Thou art with me, O my Father,
 In changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 In weariness of strife,
 My sufferings, my comforts,
 Alternate at thy will ;
 I trust Thee, O my Father
 I trust Thee, and am still.

Thou art with me, O my Father,
 In evening's darkening gloom ;
 When earth in night is shrouded,
 Thy presence fills my room ;
 The little stars bring tidings
 Of kindness from above ;
 I love Thee, O my Father,
 And feel that Thou art love.
Jane E. Saxby (altered).

372. *Praise from the Universe.* P.M.

ANGELS holy,
 High and lowly,
 Sing the praises of the Lord !
 Earth and sky, all living nature,
 Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
 Sun and moon bright,
 Night and moonlight,
 Starry temples azure-floored,

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory ;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-heaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Bond and freeman,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous giver !
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

John Stuart Blackie.

373.

The Consecration of Life.

8.7.

BRIGHT the path of life before me,
 Every want of love supplied ;
 From the heavens, smiling o'er me,
 Watch and keep me, blessed Guide !
 Friend above us, guard and love us,
 Make us grateful, true and free ;
 Thou the nearest and the dearest,
 May we live, O God, to Thee.

Give, O give the holy feeling
 That will keep me always thine !
 Peace and tender love revealing,
 Make these gifts for ever mine.
 Friend above us, etc.

Make me wiser, make me stronger,
 Teach me heavenly charity ;
 Guard me yet a little longer,
 Draw me gently unto Thee.
 Friend above us, etc.

374.

Sunday Thoughts.

6s.

FATHER, we love to meet
 On this thy holy day ;
 We worship at thy feet
 On this thy holy day ;

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Thou tender, heavenly friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend!
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this thy holy day.

We would not trifle now
On this thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow
On this thy holy day;
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
On this thy holy day.

We listen to thy Word
On this thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this thy holy day.

Elizabeth Parson.

375. *The Strains of Heaven.*

11.10.11.10.9.11.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
beat shore:

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
Angels of glory, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Angels of glory, etc.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and
dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past :

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.

Angels of glory, etc.

Frederick W. Faber.

376. '*He leadeth me.*' L.M.D.

HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught !
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,

Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me ;

By his own hand He leadeth me !

His faithful follower I would be,

For by his hand He leadeth me.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, etc.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore.

377. *' Bless me also, O my Father.* P.M.

L ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some blessing fall on me—
Even me, even me—
Let some blessing fall on me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Weak and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me, even me—
Let thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father !
 Let me love and cling to Thee.
 I am longing for thy favour :
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
 Even me, even me—
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Fount that flows so rich and free,—
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
 Let them now abide in me—
 Even me, even me,
 Let them now abide in me.
Elizabeth Codner (altered.)

378.

Nearer to Thee. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly :
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

379. ‘ *Out of darkness into light.*’ I IS.

O LEAD me, my Father ; lead Thou, lest I
 stray ;
 O lead Thou me onward where Thou wilt each
 day !

All passion be silent, all self-will be still ;
 And meekly my spirit ask only thy will.

’Mid life’s sweetest pleasures, Lord, keep me
 thine own,
 Lest I should forget Thee, or duty disown :
 When sorrow o’erwhelms me, and gone is the
 light,
 Then shine on me, Father ; make Thou my way
 bright.

When thought is a burden, when work is a care,
 O then let me cherish the sweetness of prayer :
 When shadows are falling, when earth’s day is
 past,
 O lead me, my Father, to sunshine at last.

J. Page Hopps.

380. *Self-dedication.* 8.8.8.8.6.

O LORD ! thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
 To dedicate myself to Thee :
 To Thee, my God ! to Thee.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee :
On Thee, my God ! on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place :
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee !
To Thee, my God ! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in Thee :
In Thee, my God ! in Thee.
Jean F. Oberlin (translated.)

381. *The hour of prayer.* L.M.D.

SWEET hour of prayer ; sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

Sweet hour of prayer; sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless :
 And since He bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer ;
Fanny Crosby.

382. *God our Shepherd.* 8.7.

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am his,
 And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
 My longing soul He leadeth,
 And where the verdant pastures grow,
 With food celestial feedeth.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
 With Thee, my God, beside me ;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy light before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thy love rich grace bestoweth ;
 And O what transport of delight
 From out thy mercy floweth !

And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never :
 Great Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
 Within thy fold for ever !

Sir H. W. Baker (altered.)

383. *Thanksgiving for the flowers.*

8.6.8.6.8.8.

TO Thee our thankful songs we sing,
 Great Lord of sea and land !
 Eternal Father, heavenly King,
 Who, with a generous hand,
 By sunlit plains and shady bowers,
 Hast strewn the smiling earth with flowers.

We thank Thee for the blossoms sweet
 Thy bounteous love hath given,
 That brightly bloom around our feet,
 And raise their eyes to heaven ;
 And looking up in silent prayer,
 Cast fragrant incense on the air.

The heart of childhood, blithe and glad,
 Rejoices at the sight ;
 Unto the weary and the sad
 Their presence gives delight.
 They aid our joyous hours, and shed
 Their fragrance round the sick one's bed.

In radiant colours far and wide,
 Their beauty decks the ground;
 The eastern king, in power and pride,
 With kneeling slaves around,
 In all his pomp and stately ease,
 'Was not arrayed like one of these.'

We thank Thee, then, O Lord of light!
 That Thou, from year to year,
 Dost send the blossoms fresh and bright
 Our earthly path to cheer,
 And smile upon our toilsome hours.
 We thank Thee, Father! for the flowers.
Alfred C. Jewitt.

384. *Trust in God.* 11.10.

HEAR us, our Father! we know Thou wilt
 hear us;
 Nor need our voices ascend far away;
 Thou art around us, within us, and near us;
 Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father! we know Thou wilt love us,
 Thy little children who turn unto Thee;
 For all around us, within us, above us,
 Proofs of thine infinite kindness we see.

Aid us, our Father ! we know Thou wilt aid us ;
 We are so feeble, and Thou art so strong ;
 Almighty Power that made and sustains us,
 Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.

Hear us, our Father ; and help us and love us,
 Till more and more of thyself we shall know,
 Whether we go to the bright world above us,
 Or stay to serve Thee in homes here below.

385.

The voice of God.

H.M.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark ;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark :
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel slept ;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite, kept :
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord !
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of thy word ;
 Like him to answer at thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in thy house Thou art,
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned,
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
James D. Burns.

386. *A litany of work and worship.* 8.8.8.4.

O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank Thee, Lord !

For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank Thee, Lord !

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for Thee we should have wrought,
 Forgive us, Lord !

From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer
From sin that we would rashly dare,
 O save us, Lord !

We trust thy wisdom, love and power :
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
 Be with us, Lord !

Dendy Agate.

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